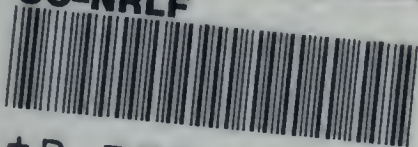


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KATHAY:

A

CRUISE IN THE CHINA SEAS.

BY

W. HASTINGS MACAULAY.

"Cælum, non animum, mutant,
Qui trans mare currunt."

NEW-YORK:

G. P. PUTNAM & CO., 10 PARK PLACE.

M.DCCC.LII.

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Dedication

TO

MRS. JANE G. SPROSTON, BALTIMORE.

ESTEEMED AND RESPECTED MADAM:

I have presumed to address this work to you, more to prove the truth of its motto, than from any hope that it may be intrinsically worthy of your acceptance.

Connected with a noble profession by ties at once sad and dear, I have considered that a narration of events seen in its service—however unworthily set down, might not be uninteresting to you; and feeling assured that your prayers and kind wishes have followed us through “changing skies,” as we have sped across “distant seas,”—upon our safe return, I am truly happy in being able to imitate the custom of mariners of more sunny climes, and to place this offering of affection upon the altar of Gratitude.

THE AUTHOR.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
Set Sail—Sea-sickness—Get a good offing—Sail ho!—Islets of St. Paul—Shipwreck there—Sufferings—Crossing the Line—Fernando Noronha—Fire—Remarkable peak—Arrival at Rio—Disappointment—Beauties of the harbor—Ashore at last—Village of San Domingo—Flying trip to city—Yellow fever—All hands up anchor—Sugarloaf Mountain—Off for the Cape	9
CHAPTER II.	
Telling Tales out of School—Double the Cape—The Flying Dutchman—Albatross and Cape pigeons—Catching the albatross—The man who ate the albatross—Superstition of sailors—Man overboard—Lying to—Accident—Death—The sailor's grave	20
CHAPTER III.	
Island of St. Paul—Steering for Java Head—Land ho!—Christmas Island—Straits of Sunda—A Beautiful Scene—Sentimental Simile—Come to anchor—Anger Point—Village of Anger—On shore in Java—Perfume of the East—Banyan tree—The governor and Dutch hotel keeper—Welcome at an inn—Attack on Anger Fort—Dutch officers' prowess, and French!—The Javanese—Chinaman—Mosque—Mahomet—Bazaar—Watering place	26
CHAPTER IV.	
China Sea—Anchor off Macào—Canton River—Whampoa—Trip to Canton—The San-pan—Pagodas—Lob Creek—Salt junks—Description of a Junk—Mandarin, or search boats—Pirates—Crowded state of River at Canton—Land at Factory Stairs—Visit Vice-Consul—New China Street—A Cow-House—Wonders of Canton—Factory gardens—Water parties—Buddhist temples, and holy pigs—Dock-yard at Whampoa—American missionary at Newtown—Bethel, and its pastor—Fourth of July—Back to Macào—The Typa—The Barrier	33
CHAPTER V.	
Passage ashore—A-ti—The Praya—Forts—Governor's Road—Description of Macào—Murder of Amaral—Manœuvring of Seu and his triumph—A new Governor—His death—Council of Government—View from Guia Fort—Marques's garden—Camoen's grotto—Epitaph and doggerel written there—A beautiful spot—Stealing fire from the gods—Fate of Prometheus	44
CHAPTER VI.	
Up the Canton River again—Bay of Canton—Bocca Tigris—Forts at the Bogue—Their construction—Conduct of Chinese when attacked—The	

Feast of Lanterns—The Rebellion—Paddy fields and mosquitoes—Back to Typa—Pleasant times—Blowing up of a frigate! . . .	PAGE 54
CHAPTER VII.	
Visit Hong-Kong—A beautiful morning—Harbor of Hong-Kong—Settlement of Victoria—Line-of-battle ship Hastings—Forecastle logic—An arrival from the Northern Seas—Her B. M. S. Herald—Salutes—Description of Victoria—Club House—Health of Hong-Kong—Death vacancies—Feasting and fêtes—Ball—Pic-Nic—Departure from Hong-Kong .	63
CHAPTER VIII.	
China—Limited opportunities—The Chinese nation compared with others—Its antiquity—Magnitude of territory and practicability of laws—Supposed origin of the Chinese—Fables of their early writers—Explanation of their exaggerations—Foundation of the Empire—Chinese traditions compared with sacred history—Similarity of events—Wise men of the East—Introduction of Buddhism—Arts and sciences—The magnetic Needle—Discovery of Gunpowder—Origin of the name—China—Che-Hwang-te, King of Tsin—Parallel between him and Napoleon—Religion—Confucius—The Taouists—Buddhism—A Buddhist's idea of Heaven .	70
CHAPTER IX.	
Christmas and the New Year in Macão—Removal of remains of Da Cunha—The dead give place to the quick—Chinese manner of fishing—A new principle in hydraulics—Inspection of Macão Militia—An ancient cemetery—Arrival of the new Governor, Cardoza—Under way for Manilla—Fetch up at Hong-Kong—Another start—Island of Luconia—Bay of Manilla—Earthquake—Discovery and settlement of the Philippines—Description of Manilla—The Calzada—A puppet-show . . .	81
CHAPTER X.	
Drive to the Balsa—Meaning of the word—A mob of women—Nora Cree-na—Magic slipper—Description of the drive—Ferryman of the females—Decline the office—The suburbs—A la Balsa—Manilla, intra muros—The Mole by Moonlight—Friend in a fit—Circo Olimpico—Scenes in the Circle	90
CHAPTER XI.	
An early drive—Visit to Churches—The Cathedral—Description—Reflections—Church of the Binondo Quarter—The dead child—Baptism—Life's entrances and exit—Ceremony of taking the veil—Poor Maraquita—An episode—Don Caesar de Bazan—Interior of the convent—Interview with the Lady Superior—Interchange of compliments—Spanish courtesy—An admission	99
CHAPTER XII.	
Fabrico del Tobago—Manufacture of the cheroot—Description of the process—Female operatives—Gigantic effects—Midshipman attacked—A delightful Evening—Boat ahoy—Disappointed in trip to Lagunade Bay—Funcion Familia—Madame Theodore—The Calçada again—Margarita—Teatro Binondo—Teatro Tagalo de Tondo—Espana—Anecdote of an Englishman—Farewell to Manilla—Out to Sea	105

CHAPTER XIII.

Anchor in harbor of Hong-Kong—Hastings and Herald both off—Advantage of newspapers—A first-rate notice—The Press of Victoria—The Friend of China—Its pugnacity—Advertising sheets—Description of Island—Rain—Character of Chinese inhabitants	114
---	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

Hong-Kong—Object of its settlement—Its service as an opium dépôt—Views of the opium trade—Its history—Considered the cause and object of the war—Treaty of Nankin—Opium trade fixed on China	121
--	-----

CHAPTER XV.

Trip to Macào—Disappointed in getting ashore—Mail arrived—Get no letters—Expression of sentiments—Causes and effects—Overland mail—Idea of a route—Happy Valley—Chase of Pirates— <i>A Poisson d'Avril</i> —Into the Typa again—Arrival of consort—Late dates—Catholic fête—Depart for Shanghae—The Yang-tse-Kiang—Improvement in the appearance of the country—Better race of men—Banks of the Woo-sung	127
--	-----

CHAPTER XVI.

Shanghae—Immense number of junks—Foreign residences—Novelty of Chimneys—Revolted appearance of beggars—Undertakers—Price of coffins—Decline trading—Description of city—Stagnant pools—Tea gardens—Sweet site—The Taoutae—Advantages of Shanghae—Departure—Ship ashore!—Sensation	135
---	-----

CHAPTER XVII.

Amoy—Its trade—Cause of decay—Infanticide—Manner of destroying female infants—China woman's confession—Environs—British and American cemeteries—The fatal rock—Koo-lung-Seu—Chinese gunnery—Chinese Customs—Marriage—Death—Manner of mourning—Pagoda of Nantae-Woo-Shan	142
---	-----

CHAPTER XVIII.

Formosa—Description of the island—Its productions—Coal mines—Metals—The Dutch possessions—Their expulsion—Proper policy of civilized powers	148
---	-----

CHAPTER XIX.

Leave Amoy—Arrive in Macào Roads—Live ashore—Well guarded—Night calls—Ventriloquist at Typa Fort—Ordered on board—Up to Whampoa—Clipper Ships—Over to Hong-Kong—Coronation day—Independence day—Hurried on board—The mail—Ty-foongs	154
---	-----

CHAPTER XX.

Ty-foong passed—Pleasant season—Theatrical exhibition—The Macàense—Philharmonic Society—Italian Opera—Awaiting orders for home—Thoughts of home and friends—Idea suggested by the setting sun—Poetry— <i>Maladie de Pays</i> —Its effects upon the Swiss—A remedy—My own experience, and manner of Cure	161
---	-----

CHAPTER XXI.

Haul up all standing—Boat races—Interest in the sport—Excitement general—Arrangements—Jockeyism—Regatta—Preparations—The start—	
---	--

	PAGE
The race—The result—Launch and first cutter—Race described con amore—Suggestion of an old salt—Satan and sailors	166
CHAPTER XXII.	
Effects of the race—Suppers and their effects—The stuff that dreams are made of—A scrape in the Typa—Again at Whampoa	172
CHAPTER XXIII.	
Anson's Bay—Hong-Kong again—P. & O. Company's hulk takes fire—Escape of captain's wife—Toong-Koo Bay—Piracy—Fire at Macào—Wolf again at Whampoa—Amateur theatricals at Canton—Melancholy musings	177
CHAPTER XXIV.	
Commodore arrives at last—Preparations for a start—Delay—Washington's Birthday—The clipper Challenge—Prisoners from her—Homeward bound!—Reflections on leaving—Case of small-pox—Second visit to Anger	184
CHAPTER XXV.	
No mosquitoes at Anger—The land of the East—A sketch—Advantages of Anger—Dolce-far-niente—Island of Java—Batavia—Bantam—Comparison between Anger and Singapore	189
CHAPTER XXVI.	
Pass through Sunda Strait—H. B. M. S. Rattler—Catch the trades—A learned opinion on diaries—Extracts from diary—Isle of France—Its romance—Bourbon—Mauritius—Cape of Good Hope—Description—Trouble in getting in—Table Bay and Mountain	194
CHAPTER XXVII.	
Land at Cape Town—Hotels and widows—Drive to Constantia—Description of drive—Price of wine—Manumission of slaves—Seasons at the Cape—The town through a microscope, &c. &c.	200
CHAPTER XXVIII.	
Settlement of Cape Town—Its productions—The Kaffir war—Latest dispatches—Cause of the rebellion—Description of the Kaffir by the traveller—Opinion of him by the resident—Authority of prominent men—Observatory, &c.	208
CHAPTER XXIX.	
A death on board—Our freight—Extracts from diary—St. Helena and Napoleon—The trades—Poetical idea of a starry telegraph—Good sailing	217
CHAPTER XXX.	
Classic ground—Hispaniola—Romance of the western waters—Extracts from diary—On a wind—Newsboats wanted—The Bermudas—Target practice	222
CHAPTER XXXI.	
The Gulf Stream—Darby's theory—Its ingenuity—The coasts of America—John Cabot, the Venetian—"Terra primum visa"—Completion of cruise—Conclusion	226

KATHAY.

CHAPTER I.

Set Sail—Sea-sickness—Get a good Offing—Sail ho!—Islets of St. Paul—Shipwreck there—Sufferings—Crossing the Line—Fernando Noronha—Fire—Remarkable peak—Arrival at Rio—Disappointment—Beauties of the harbor—Ashore at last—Village of San Domingo—Flying trip to city—Yellow fever—All hands up anchor—Sugarloaf Mountain—Off for the Cape.

IMMEDIATELY after noon, upon the 29th day of January, 1850, we cast off from the wharf at the Navy Yard in Charlestown, Massachusetts, and with the pilot on board, proceeded to sea. But little time was allowed to send our adieus, for he soon left us, bearing with him some hasty scrawls, to the illegibility of one of which a very good friend of the writer can testify. Our commander was very anxious to commence his cruise, and having been delayed nearly one month for officers, put off upon it as soon as the last gentleman had reported.

That bugbear to all landsmen,—sea-sickness,—gave me but little annoyance, although some of the crew appeared to suffer greatly from its effects.

Having a favorable wind we soon made a good offing, a very desirable thing at that season of the year, and indeed one which no sailor objects to on any coast, when outward bound; a fresh, favoring breeze and plenty of sea room being his most fervent prayer.

Our first destination was Rio, and towards it we bent our course. A few days out, and the novelty of our situation having worn off, pleasing remembrances of persons, localities, and particular events which had occurred during our sojourn in Boston, became less frequent, and pretty allusions to "again standing upon the deck," poetical petitions to the dark blue Ocean, praying it, in the language of Byron, to "roll on," gradually gave way to growlings, when old *Neptune*, as if in answer, drove his chariot over its surface, and working its waters into a yeasty foam, disturbed, at the same time, both our equilibrium and equanimity.

But little occurred to destroy the usual monotony of a sea voyage. At long intervals "*sail ho!*" would be called out by the lookout on the foretopsail yard, and after a time our eyes would be greeted from the deck with the sight of another white-winged wanderer like ourself, steering for his distant port. Then would come conjecture as to whither he might be bound, and sailor-like reflections upon his rig, qualities of sailing, and the judgment of the skipper in the selection of his course.

Our reckoning, and the change of temperature both of air and water, soon announced that we were approaching that equatorial divider of our globe, called "*the Line*,"

and in about one degree of latitude above it ($1^{\circ} 16' \text{ N.}$) we made the islets of Saint Paul, a barren pile of rocks of about one mile and a half in length, and of inconsiderable breadth, standing solitarily and desolately here in mid ocean. Made their longitude by the mean of three chronometers; observation $29^{\circ} 19' 57''$ west; about one degree different from the longitude in which they were laid down in our chart; an error which should be corrected.

It was here that a few years ago a Dutch East Indiaman was wrecked, and of nearly two hundred souls but three or four were saved, and these were taken off after remaining upon the rocks some twelve days, without nourishment and exposed to all the horrors of starvation. Worse yet than that, deprived of shelter from a vertical sun, without water to restore the fluids which his fierce rays extracted from their parching bodies. An immense number of birds were flying over and around these jagged peaks, and who knows how greatly these may have added to the torture of the shipwrecked crew, when failing nature denied the power to protect themselves.

“ Ah who can tell
The looks men cast on famished men;
The thoughts that came up there.”

In the morning watch of the twenty-sixth of February, we “crossed the line” in longitude $29^{\circ} 56' 50''$ west, with such light breezes, that at meridian we had logged but $30'$ south. We escaped the usual visit of old *Neptune* upon entering the threshold of his dominions,—and as it was

early morning, suppose the "Old Salt" was calmly reposing in the arms of *Amphitrite*. Seriously, I consider this custom of performing practical jokes in the character of Neptune, as "one more honored in the breach than the observance," and that no officer should endanger the discipline of his ship by allowing such unmannerly pranks as we read of having been performed, and where the initiated have paid the penalty with broken bones, sometimes with life.

At 5. 45. A. M. of the same day, the island of Fernando Noronha was made from the mast head, and as it gradually loomed to the vision, from the deck, its remarkable peak began to assume various shapes, mostly resolving themselves into the semblance of a high tower. It is on the north side of the island, and is called "the Pyramid;" is said to elevate its rocky proportions from the midst of a beautiful grove to the height of about one thousand feet above the level of the sea. Near its summit there is a station, from which a lookout can have supervision over the entire island, and the sea for many leagues on every point surrounding it.

The island of Fernando Noronha we found in latitude $3^{\circ} 51' 04''$ south, and longitude $32^{\circ} 27' 15''$ west. It was at one time much resorted to by whalers for provisions and water, although the scarcity of the latter at certain seasons, does not render it at all times desirable for this purpose. It is about seven miles long, and from two to three in breadth.

Noronha was at one time used by the Brazilian government as a place of transportation for criminals, principally

those exiled for treason, and offenders against the state, and is said to contain some beautiful scenery; also to produce magnificent fruit. But we were not to linger there, and soon its peak, becoming more and more indistinct, sinking slowly, lost its proportions beneath the horizon.

The first day of what would have been called spring in our own beautiful land, was ushered in by an alarm of fire. The officers and the different messes were nearly all at breakfast when the signal for such an accident was given, and were not slow in obeying its summons; in less than a minute every one was at his station, when the smoke was discovered issuing from the galley funnel forward, into which a lazy cook, whose duty it was to have it properly cleaned every morning, had inserted some straw for the purpose of performing his duty more expeditiously and effectually; and indeed he had nearly succeeded in getting rid of it altogether, had it not been for the promptness of a fore-castle man, who seizing a bucket of water, opportunely standing near him on the topgallant forecastle, dashed it down the funnel, preventing the flames from communicating with the foresail, and thus probably saved the ship.

Of all the numerous accidents to which a man-of-war is so peculiarly liable, that of destruction by fire is most likely to occur, and requires the strictest discipline to guard against; for this are established certain hours for smoking, and a stated period at night for the extinguishing of all lights; so that after ten o'clock the peopled ship speeds on her way, over the dark bosom of the heaving billows, with only the light in the binnacle to show her course upon the

illuminated card, and the well-secured lamp in the cabin, by which her commander, anxious and unsleeping, traces her track along the corrected chart.

Upon the tenth day of March, Sunday, at seven bells in the last dog watch, we came to anchor in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, off the town known generally by the name of the river, but originally called San Sebastian. After forty days at sea, the exact time made by the first voyageur, Noah, we were as anxious as he might be supposed to have been, to escape from his menagerie; for take it as you will, you will find Emerson's "Experience" to agree with yours in this respect, however you may differ from him in others, when he states in his essay with that title (which essay, *par parenthesis*, I was compelled to swallow in hospital for want of better mental aliment), that, "Every ship is a romantic object, except the one you sail in,—embark, and the romance quits your vessel, and hangs on every other sail in the horizon."

After, as I have said, this period of probation, in a vessel crowded almost to the extent of Noah's, and whose crew bore some resemblance to his, if one might judge from the *growls* on board—the prospect of a trip to the shore, fresh provender and iced drinks was delicious, especially as the Hotel of Pharoux had been so repeatedly extolled during the passage as a horn of plenty, abounding in delicacies, and our mouths had been so often made to water upon many a "banyan day," by the luscious descriptions of those who had on former occasions the happiness to have indulged therein. But alas! for human hopes and expectations;

“L’homme propose, et Dieu dispose !”

For early on the next morning, after getting out the boats, and making other preparations for a visit to Rio, an order came from our commodore on that station, forbidding us to land, or to hold communication with the shore, on account of the prevalence of the yellow fever, then epidemic there. So here we lay, only a few cables’ length from the Ilha da Cobras, with all the tropical plants and fruit almost within reach, and tantalizing us with their perfume,—the domes, palaces and public buildings of a gay capital (unvisited by many), rising picturesquely before us, and yet forbidden. We thought of Tantalus, and his fate, of Prometheus and the rock—of—of Adam and his expulsion, and must own that in our first feelings of disappointment, we made but a partial excuse for our primal progenitor, and great great grandmother, as we repeated those expressive lines of the poet, so early engraved upon our memory—

“In Adam’s fall
We sinnéd all.”

But trying as was our situation, we were in a measure compensated for our disappointment by the beauty of this unrivalled harbor; and to describe it fully, I must be allowed to revert to the period when the coast of Brazil was first made, with its bold outlines developing new beauties as we approached. Indications of land had been noticed early in the morning of the day of our arrival, and shortly the numerous mountain peaks for which this coast is celebrated, filled the horizon before us like a line of dark clouds. As

the distance was diminished, peak after peak stood out in bold relief against the blue sky, and we were soon enabled to make out the False Sugarloaf, Corcovado, Lord Hood's Nose, and The Tops—so called by sailors, from their resemblance to those parts of a ship. The light breeze, under which we carried studding-sails, and all the canvas that would draw, gradually wafted us towards the mouth of the river, yet so gently did we glide along that not one feature of the scene was lost; but it was not until we had passed the islands that screen its front, that its full magnificence was developed, and then, as by the drawing aside of a curtain, the harbor of Rio de Janeiro was displayed,—a magnificent basin surrounded by innumerable hills, which were dotted with beautiful villas.

Under a spanking breeze, which suddenly sprung up, we dashed on nearly to the base of Sugarloaf Mountain, and then stood over boldly to the fort Santa Cruz, from which we were hailed, and as the short twilight had given way to deeper shadows, were signalized by blue lights, continued by an opposite fortification, until they were noticed at the station on Signal Hill behind the city. Onward we sped, through a fleet of vessels, our craft threading her way, "like a thing of life," obeying the master's steady commands, creating no little sensation, as she darted amongst them, inclining to the right or left, or pressing boldly, straight ahead, to the repeated orders of "starboard," "port," or "steady there, so," and causing the different craft to run up their signal lights quite hastily. "Stand by," "let go the anchor," and there she lay as if taking rest after a long journey.

On viewing the scene from the deck by the early light of the next morning's dawn, I could compare it with nothing but the painting displayed in a theatre, and the quiet that reigned in that still hour, added greatly to the effect. The background of mountains piercing the clouds; the foreground being formed by the town itself with its houses of various hues, and picturesque styles of architecture, ascending the mountain's side, and villas, and country seats aiding the perspective, whilst the island of Cobras served as a side scene.

Around us stretched for leagues this splendid harbor, upon whose broad bosom lay vessels of every nation (and which appeared capable of bearing the fleets of the world), fringed by hills whose verdure seemed undying, over which were spread the beautiful trees of a tropical clime.

An opportunity at last occurred of setting foot upon terra firma once more, which was gladly embraced—permission having been granted to visit the shore opposite to Rio, where is the village of San Domingo and the Praya Grande; with several officers we were pulled in the second cutter to intercept one of those graceful lateen rigged boats, called “felloas,” which are seen in such numbers flitting in every direction over these beautiful waters. As soon as we were landed at the village, there ensued an amusing scene in paying for our passage. The sum of two “dumps” (about four cents in the currency of the United States), each, being demanded, we placed our quotas as nearly as we could make them, in the hands of one of the party, who acted as spokesman, who tendered the commandante of the felloa one of our silver

coins, much greater in value than the aggregate sum of our passage money,—which was indignantly refused by the tawny Brazilian, who was immediately assailed by each member of the party who had any pretensions to language other than his own; from which babel we were but too happy to escape, learning, however, when we were overtaken by the linguists, that they had fairly talked “the old fellow” down, and compelled him to take more money than (even allowing for difference of currency) he had demanded.

To a person who has never visited tropical countries, a landing upon this part of the Empire of Brazil, must be productive of much pleasure. At times, it is true, the heat is oppressive, but then the delightful sea-breeze setting in at regular hours, amply compensates for the inconvenience of the “terrales,” the term applied to the wind which blows off the land.

We wished much to have enjoyed the society of the opposite city, but the fell destroyer held his revels there, and we could only manage a stolen visit to it by night in one of the swift felloas from Praya Grande, having to make a hasty flight on board ship early the next morning—gaining but little information by our trip, excepting the assurance that those who had promised so fairly for Mons. Pharoux were indeed true prophets.

The call of “all hands up anchor,” awakened us on the morning of the 18th of March, and before all hands were on deck, we were being towed out of the harbor by one of the small steamers, to undertake the longest part of our cruise. The view was then as fine as could be imagined; we were

near the outlet, but Corcovado, Sugarloaf, The Forts, and town were all in sight, and we had but to turn our eyes from one magnificent sight, to have them greeted by another. I was much struck by the appearance of Sugarloaf Mountain as we passed; it is of great height, and the reader will readily understand the peculiarity which gives its name. At the time a cloud encircled its brow, within a short distance of the summit, yet leaving its peak plainly visible, as if a wreath had been cast over it, and had rested in that position. But soon Rio, and its beauties had faded in the distance, and we were steering our lonely course for the Cape.

CHAPTER II.

Telling Tales out of School—Double the Cape—The Flying Dutchman—Albatross and Cape Pigeons—Catching the Albatross—The Man who Ate the Albatross—Superstition of Sailors—Man Overboard—Lying to—Accident—Death—The Sailor's Grave.

IT is very difficult to find incidents on board of a man-of-war which you can feel justified in setting before the public; for be it known, in regard to the "secrets of *this* prison-house," that "such unwonted blazon may not be." Now, on board a merchantman, a person might, if afflicted with *Cacoethes Scribendi*, detail the peculiarities of the skipper, and any little accident which may have befallen him; such as the admixture of briny fluid, which Father Neptune may have chosen to infuse into his glass of sherry, by sending an envoy, in the shape of a wave, across the poop, who dropped his credentials as he passed over the unclosed skylight: the numerous evils which befell the mate: the jokes of Jones: the puns of Smith, or the sallies of Sandy. But here we are forbidden to walk shodden over sacred ground, and details of the cruise must be confined to generalities; otherwise the travels of the celebrated Gulliver would be eclipsed, Baron Munchausen lose his claim to veracity, and the shade of the venerable Miller slink back to its original punishment.

A strong northerly wind drove us along the coast of Brazil a little farther south than was our intention to have steered; but upon its changing, we mended our course, and soon doubled the Cape of Good Hope, without any incident worthy of notice,—not even seeing the Flying Dutchman; and if I except the white-winged albatross which followed in our wake, and the graceful Cape pigeon that strove to emulate our speed, I may say that, to all appearance, we were alone upon the ocean,—the moving centre of one vast dial of water enlarging its circumference as we advanced. But here I must be allowed to notice the occurrence of one of those coincidences which serve to keep alive those smouldering fires of superstition, which Education and Experience have done so much to quench. It had been the practice to fish (?) for the friendly and companionable albatross with a line towed astern, to which a hook was attached, baited with a piece of pork. Now many had been the protests made against these proceedings by some of our most stanch and fearless men. They prophesied in substance, if not in words, that

“It was not, nor could it come to good.”

Yet these prophecies were disregarded, and notwithstanding their solemn murmuring and ominous shakings of the head, the sport was continued; and many a wondering albatross was bitten, when he took a bite at the treacherous pork; until one day, after numbers had been taken, one of the messes determined to have a sea-pie, of which the body of one of these birds should be the component part. If force

could have been used to prevent the consummation of this deed, that mess had not dined that day : but as the crew on board of a man-of-war have no other recourse but to report their grievances to the first lieutenant, and that not being deemed advisable in such a case, these men were allowed to eat the albatross. Now I do not pretend to identify the captor of the bird, nor was I able to point out the person who ate the greater portion of him when transformed into a pie ; but it so happened that the next morning, about seven bells, the ship was alarmed by the cry of "A man over-board !" This is an appalling sound at any time ; but when the ship is making ten knots, with a heavy sea on, the chances for a fellow-creature's fate, make the moment one of dreadful anxiety, and especially to the commander, one of fearful responsibility ; as to save one life, that of ten or more must be risked. Ready for the occasion, ours never hesitated. The ship was put about at once, and as her headway was reduced, a boat prepared for lowering, volunteers to the rescue called away, and the boat at once so crowded as to make it necessary to order men out of her before she could be let down. She had barely touched the water, when the men gave way ; but now came the difficulty, which way to steer ? Our velocity had been so great as to leave the poor fellow miles astern ; and as every one had been engaged at his station in wearing ship, the bearings of the place where he was struggling for dear life had become confused. Twenty voices shouted out "Pull there !" "Pull here !" and as many hands pointed to as many different directions. Our commander, who had carefully scanned

the surrounding waters, and had shown the greatest solicitude for the fate of the poor fellow, combined with that steady coolness so necessary in such moments, ordering silence, made a signal for the boat to pull towards a spot where a number of albatross were hovering. The midshipman in the boat at last comprehending the signal, pulled as directed; and then, after hoisting in what appeared to be the life-buoy, which had been let go on the first alarm, headed for the ship. To lessen the distance, in such a heavy swell, the ship also approached the boat; and as she bent her head gracefully towards that which she had so long sustained at her side, I could hardly divest my mind of the idea that she was possessed of instinct, and sought with maternal eagerness her tiny child, which had strayed upon the ocean. As the boat approached, from the forecastle the man's form could be distinguished;—he was saved! Soon he was handed over the side, given over to the surgeon to resuscitate, and the next day was about, and attending to his duty. And now for the connection of the albatross with this accident. One of his messmates declared most solemnly that he had seen an albatross sweeping over the topgallant forecastle whenever this man—who had feasted upon one of his kind—had appeared upon it; and that at the very moment of his disappearance, (he fell from the head,) this same identical bird had made a swoop, and carried him overboard! Then, the men in the boat also affirmed, that when they reached the drowning man, two albatross were holding him up by the hair, whilst others, circling round his head, pecked wickedly at his face; thus retaliating upon

one who had devoured their species, by picking his bones in return. But if the truth must be told, however disposed the birds may have been, they were the means used by Divine Providence to prolong the sailor's life; for they not only sustained him, as they would have done any other desirable object, by pecking at it, but also directed us where to send the boat to his assistance. So the man who ate, escaped the more prolonged punishment of him who

———"shot the albatross."

To show how these matters are managed on board a man-of-war, I give the report of the affair: "At 7^h. 30^m., J. D. (O. S.) fell overboard; hove to; lowered a boat; wore ship, and picked him up. At 8, wore, and stood upon our course." If a man had slipped upon the pavement, and you had assisted him to rise by extending your hand, the fact could hardly have been explained in fewer words. But it is this indifference to danger, and the casualties of his calling, that makes up the efficiency of the sailor.

On the twenty-third day of April we were obliged to lay to in lat. $38^{\circ} 26'$ south, and longitude $45^{\circ} 34' 47''$ east, by chronometer, and on parts of the first, third, and fourth days of May had to undergo the same operation. This was by no means pleasant, as, owing to the weight of our battery, we rolled very much; and as we could not close the ports entirely, for fear of carrying them away, had a constant flow of water across the deck, sometimes very difficult to bear up against.

On the tenth of May, at about 5 P. M., all hands

were called to reef topsails, and a forecastle man, who was hurrying aloft to assist his companions on the foreyard, fell from only a few rattlings above the sheerpole upon the deck, and injured himself so severely as to cause his death early the next morning. Poor fellow !

“ Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home.”

His remains were committed to the deep, at meridian of the same day ; and many a manly fellow among his messmates and the crew added a briny drop to the wave

——— which bore him away,
And wept in compassion for him.

The ship, as if loth to leave the spot, lingered there ; for it fell calm, and by the next meridian we had logged but seven miles.

CHAPTER III.

Island of St. Paul—Steering for Java Head—Land ho!—Christmas Island—Straits of Sunda—A Beautiful Scene—Sentimental Simile—Come to Anchor—Anger Point—Village of Anger—On Shore in Java—Perfume of the East—Banyan Tree—The Governor and Dutch Hotel Keeper—Welcome at an Inn—Attack on Anger Fort—Dutch Officers' prowess, and French!—The Javanese—Chinaman—Mosque—Mahomet—Bazaar—Watering Place.

TO make the island of Saint Paul in the Indian Ocean, became now our principal object, but baffling and adverse winds delayed us. At last during a stormy night the longitude of this island was obtained, and we steered as well as we were able for Java Head and the Straits of Sunda. Upon the twenty-fifth day of May at ten minutes past four, P. M., the welcome cry of "Land ho!" was heard at the mast head, which was found to be Christmas Island, and which we also passed in the night too late to make any observations.

We were, however, more certain now of the correctness of our position, and when, at daylight on the 27th, Trower's and Clapp's islands were made, felt sure of soon seeing Java Head, and in a short time this long looked for landmark greeted our eyes. Here we entered the Straits formed by the approximation of the islands of Java and Sumatra, and called the Straits of Sunda.

The night of our entrance was one of some anxiety, and between this feeling and the excitement of making land after

a long and boisterous passage, caused a pretty general watch to be kept by idlers and all.

It was in the morning watch—Prince's Island had been safely passed, and the principal dangers of the passage overcome, when seated upon the foreyard a scene of beauty opened upon my eyes, which it may be long before they are greeted with again. We were heading up the Straits, and from my position the highlands of both islands were in sight. The morning air was soft and balmy, and came laden with sweet odors, as if Aurora had lingered to inhale them upon the "Spice island."

We were being wafted along almost imperceptibly, with but so slight an undulation as scarcely to be felt. To the eastward rose a high peak on Sumatra, around which the sky was rosy with the day god's first beams. The gentle waters around us were still in shadow, with sufficient light, however, upon their surface to enable the eye to take in their expanse, and to distinguish objects upon them. In the distance, and approaching, was a brig looking like a tiny toy, with British colors at her gaff, beating out of the Straits. As the sun, climbing still higher the side of the obstructing mountain, diffused his gladdening light over this magnificent scene, the idea struck me, and call it sentimental if you will, that it was like the first blush suffusing the face of a fair young bride, ere the full glad assurance of her happiness comes in all its power to convert it into a bright, beaming smile. So did these rosy rays overspread the face of nature, and enliven every feature.

On the twenty-ninth of May, came to anchor at Anger

Point off the village of Anger (pronounced Anjier), a Dutch settlement. Of course the desire to get on shore was general after being over seventy days on ship-board, and my feet were among the first of those which touched the soil of Java.

What struck me first as we approached the shore, was that remarkable perfume which every one notices as peculiar to the East.

A magnificent banyan tree, which literally spreads itself over the landing, next became an object of attraction; of its exact spread or height I was not informed, but the natives muster in numbers under its branches, and the Dutch Governor uses it to display the signal of his authority—the flag of his nation.

The governor of this district, whose pardon I must crave for allowing his name just now to slip from my memory, has, here at Anger, a very fine house and extensive grounds kept in admirable order, and appeared to enjoy himself in this out-of-the-way place, but as he possessed a young, pretty, and interesting companion, in the shape of a little wife, had a perfect right to do so, especially being

“Monarch of all he surveyed.”

Whilst his next door neighbor, Mr. Van-Sy Something or other, having a house nearly as comfortable, used it as a hotel, if hotel that can be called, in which you have permission to wait upon yourself, and are charged extravagantly for the privilege, whilst its proprietor pays his *devoirs* (*devours*?) to his bottle of Schnapps, from which his lips are seldom removed, excepting to receive his pipe, and to sputter out some

delectable Dutch. Thought of Wm. Shenstone's "Warmest Welcome at an Inn," and wished the poet had been compelled to "put up" with this same Dutchman as a species of "poetical justice," for placing the purchased pleasures of a *public house* before the sacred and free gifts of home.

There is a fort here in good repair and kept in excellent order, and I was informed that a short time previous to our arrival it had been attacked by the natives, who were repulsed with great slaughter. The attack was fierce and vigorous, but as the Malays were not possessed of fire-arms, and made the assault with only their naked creeses, they were easily repulsed. Was told of the tremendous execution done by one gun in throwing grape amongst them, but I felt a little inclined to doubt its efficiency upon examining its bore.

The attacking Malays were not those of the immediate vicinity, whose prowess, from their appearance, I should be inclined to doubt, but came from the mountains, an unconquered people, who continually make war upon the invaders of their soil. I was greatly amused by the recital of his part in the affair, by a non-commissioned officer, who informed me that he was born a Belgian, and gave his story in broken French, broken in words as well as grammar, for he had been imbibing something stronger than water. It appeared that his valiant self and two others equally brave—one a Frenchman, the other a Prussian—had been selected to serve as a picket, or *avante garde*, as he termed it, some distance from the fort, at a place called the "Barrier." When at midnight they heard the approach of the enemy. "Je mette

mon fusil à mon bras," he said; "et à le Francais je di, Prenez—garde! A le Prusse"—hesitating—"Prenez garde! aussi, et nous faissons un grande detour,—et—et, nous eschappons. Et voila, monsieur," he continued, pointing to the stripes upon his arm, "Je suis sous officier donc. Je suis caporal de la garde,—le meme comme Napoleon,—le petit Caporal." With a hearty laugh we bade "le petit Caporal" bon nuit, and returned to our hotel, asking ourselves what need there could be for the Philosopher's Stone, whilst there existed such a talisman as Conceit?

The Javanese are called Malays, whilst the inhabitants of the neighboring island of Sumatra also claim the same appellation. From their rules for government, their religion, and other distinctive marks, I would consider them connected with the Arabian race.

Polygamy is permitted amongst them, and they are allowed to possess wives according to their means. Ouseman, our compradore, and a rajah, told me he had three, all living peaceably together at his house. Think of that, ye of the Caucasian race, who, with more means, find it difficult to get along with one, and in a colder climate too!

Came upon a Chinaman here, a real Fa-qui, tail, costume and all, and for aught I know may have seen the individual before, for he informed me that he had been to the United States—"America" he called them—and had sojourned in Boston, and this too with as strict regard to the memory of Lindley Murray, and in as good English as we have heard from many a denizen of that second Athens. He also proved that he had profited by his residence abroad,

for he cheated us entirely to our satisfaction, and with such a grace as almost to make us fear he was robbing himself, and only exchanged his articles for our coin, out of respect for our country. These Chinese are truly said to be an imitative people.

They have a place of worship here, called a Mosque, where I was told the Prophet was worshipped. Hearing, one night, a great noise within its sacred precincts, I ventured in,—not without many mutterings of dissatisfaction from the Malays assembled at its threshold,—and looked upon a large room dimly lighted, without any visible presence of the Prophet, although a large chair was raised in the centre of it for him to rest upon, and a parcel of half-clad wretches were grovelling around its feet, with cries piteous enough to have brought him down even from the lap of the most beautiful of his dark-eyed houris, had he one-half of that humanity for which his worshippers gave him credit. I was told that these were sick persons, and their friends, praying for relief:—a very commendable thing in a place where there were none but commissioned surgeons, provided Mahomet has as much skill in medicine now, as he possessed over these gentlemen in his methods of amputation when he practised here below.

Visited the market-place, called Bazaar. Found all kinds of tropical fruits in great abundance: cocoanuts, bananas, plantains, mangusteens, &c. &c., and what proved its general use, at every stall, large quantities of the betel-nut were exposed for sale. This nut is used for its exhilarating properties, and is chewed as is tobacco; but

whether its juice is swallowed, I cannot say. It blackens the teeth, and must prove very efficacious in destroying the enamel. Indeed, from the practice they have of filing their teeth across, and the use of this acid, it is a wonder that any thing should remain but blackened stumps.

Watered ship here, from a reservoir, supplied by an aqueduct from the mountains, a distance of some leagues. The water is good, and the supply appears sufficient, although I cannot commend the construction of the channel through which it is brought. It is of stone, and stuccoed, raised about two feet from the level of the road, and open at the top. During a short walk along this road, I saw numbers of Malay women using its waters for the purpose of ablution; and I could not count the number of the various reptiles of this prolific clime, who, lured by their deceitful flow, had met a watery death.

To show the economy of its construction, I may state, that it is brought across a small stream, through bamboo troughs, so loosely attached that sufficient water is wasted in its passage to turn a small mill in Yankee land.

The first day of June weighed anchor, and stood up the Straits; and a busy time, too, we had in getting through. It was "Let go the anchor!" "Furl sails!" "All hands up anchor!" "Make sail!" for several days. At last, this channel and the Straits of Gaspar being passed, we entered safely the China Sea.

CHAPTER IV.

China Sea—Anchor off Macào—Canton River—Whampoa—Trip to Canton—The San-pan—Pagodas—Lob Creek—Salt Junks—Description of a Junk—Mandarin, or Search Boats—Pirates—Crowded state of River at Canton—Land at Factory Stairs—Visit Vice-Consul—New China Street—A Cow-House—Wonders of Canton—Factory Gardens—Water Parties—Buddhist Temples, and Holy Pigs—Dock-yard at Whampoa—American Missionary at Newtown—Bethel, and its Pastor—Fourth of July—Back to Macào—The Typa—The Barrier.

THE southwest monsoon wafted us quietly and quickly over the China Sea, and upon the nineteenth of June we came to anchor off Macào, in the outer roads. Not finding the flag-ship there, as was expected, after taking in some provisions from the naval depôt, weighed anchor, and proceeded up the Canton River to Whampoa, where we moored ship in the “American Reach” to undergo necessary repairs. Whilst these were going on, I procured a “fast boat,” and went up to Canton, about nine miles above that part of the “Reach” in which we lay.

These boats—the “San-pan,” or boat of this country—are used expressly for the conveyance of passengers and their effects, and are kept scrupulously clean for that purpose. They pull from three to six oars, according to their size. The oarsmen are all seated forwards, whilst a woman, generally with a child fastened to her back, both propels

and steers with a long oar from the stern, which she manages with great dexterity, appearing to work harder, and with better effect, than her lazy lord, (who has generally the bow oar,) at the same time keeping a bright lookout ahead, and giving warning in her guttural chant of any obstruction.

Passed two Pagodas, each of nine stories, and made a romantic cut-off, via Lob Creek. Soon we came upon a large number of junks at anchor, with huge manilla cables,—one of which our interpreter pointed out as “Salt Junk.” We had seen enough of that during our passage out, but this kind of junk interested us; for a more clumsy piece of naval architecture could hardly have been invented to annoy the eye of a sailor. With her perpendicular masts of one stick, no bowsprit, only an opening where it should be, to receive an anchor, made of part of a crooked tree; poop sticking up like a game fowl’s tail, and immense red and white eyes painted on each bow:—for the Chinese sailor says: “No have eyes, how can see? no can see, how can walkee?”—make such a picture of a thing to float in, and wherewith to transport worldly effects, that the question naturally arises, What would be the probable per centage a Chinese underwriter would demand as premium to insure in such a bottom? Indeed, I must do the memory of the patriarch Noah the justice to believe, that his craft was put together with a better adaptation to the principles of flotation than this, or it would never have lived through that gale of forty days and forty nights, logged in the Good Book.

Soon, however, we came across some better-looking specimens, which we were told were the "Mandarin," or "Search Boats," belonging to the Chinese Customs. Their models appeared better adapted to "make walkee," and, in addition to sails, they had double banks of oars.

At what I took to be the Navy Yard, saw some English hulls, which had been built upon, and which, in spite of all this eccentric people could do to change their appearance, still looked ship-shaped. There were also some sharp-looking junks being built, which I was told were to be fitted out against the pirates; but, if what I afterwards learned be true, they were more likely to become piratical craft themselves; for it was reported that the person to whose charge they were to have been consigned had been extensively engaged in that business himself, until he was interfered with by the English, who broke up his fleet; and that now he had humbugged the Chinese government into giving him another. At least, so ran the rumòr.

As we approached the Factories, it seemed almost impossible to make our way through the immense number of boats and other craft which appeared to play hide-and-seek amongst the larger junks moored in every direction in the stream; but, thanks to the skill of our female pilot, we avoided all collision, and brought up safely at the Factory stairs. It was excessively hot; and as we walked across the Factory Gardens to the Consulate, the effects of the sun upon the clean glossy walks was painful to the eyes.

After paying our respects to the Vice-Consul, took a short turn up New China Street to make a few necessary

purchases, and then threaded our way back to Acow's Hotel,—facetiously termed by one of the party who had the remembrances of dainty spreads at the "Astor" and "Irving House" in his mind, "a cow house!"

Here we had "tiffin,"—Anglice, lunch,—and then disposed ourselves as well as we could for comfort and cool air, neither of which did we obtain; nor what our parched throats so loudly called for,—cool water. Acow had no ice; so our only recourse was to procure bottles of "aerated water,"—we called it "Pop," in our ignorance, and to send them where truth is said to reside,—the bottom of a well.

As the sun declined, walked out to view the wonders of Canton; and although it was Sunday, found the streets thronged with coolies carrying heavy burdens of merchandise, slung on bamboos resting on their shoulders, plying backwards and forwards on their different errands, in a jog trot, with a loud grunt;—the grunt as much to relieve them, as to give warning to those in their way. Passed through different streets in the neighborhood of the Factories, all composed of shops, from which long-tailed Chinamen rushed out, chinchinning, and soliciting our custom. These streets have a great similarity, and a description of one would answer for all. With the exception of some that are devoted to the sale of particular articles, as the Street of Tailors, and Curiosity Street, they differ only in the appearance of the article exposed for sale. They are quite narrow and used only by pedestrians. The only quadruped I recollect seeing in them was a diminutive jackass, standing before a shop in "Old China Street." How he came there,

or for what purpose, I could not determine. It may have been out of compliment to the "Foreign Devils," that his long ears were exhibited; but if his position was illusive, in one relation it failed; for, despite these appendages, the beast *did not enter* the shop.

The gardens I found the most attractive. They are in front of the different factories, and over them floats the flag of the nation, opposite its respective consulate. They cover several acres, and are well laid out, planted with every variety of tree and shrub, and are kept in admirable order. Formerly, I understood, there had been a partition wall between the English and American portions, but this had lately been removed, as I hope may be all causes of division between the two governments.

Towards evening these gardens are frequented by nearly all of the European population, who stroll about to enjoy the breezes from the water after the heat of the day.

A number of Parsees are daily to be seen, with their long, white, and scrupulously clean linen surtouts, turbans, or else bugshaped caps, wide trousers, just appearing beneath their white coats (an improvement on the Bloomer costume, I thought), and shoes pointed at the toes with pieces of some kind of metal, turned up, after the fashion of what the boys call "high dutch" in skates, at home.

Witnessed the worship of one of this strange sect, and his devotions to his fire god in his setting, appeared as sincere, at least, as those of many, who consider themselves more favored in being able to look "through nature, up to nature's God."

A Fanqui, or foreigner, finds himself much circumscribed in his peregrinations about Cânton. With the few narrow streets above mentioned, and the open space in front of the factories, he must fain be content; but upon the water his way is more open, and the European and American residents avail themselves of the broad river to launch and sail their most beautiful boats, as also to use the hong boats, san-pans, fast, and flower-boats, fitted up in every style of luxury. In these, after the business of the day is over, and the heat of the sun abated, parties pass their evenings, in smoking segars and conversation.

Across the river are some Buddhist temples, in which shaven priests are almost continually engaged in "chin chin-nings," and where are kept some holy pigs in a state of continual surfeit. The very last animal I should think of holding sacred.

There are some gardens in the suburbs of Canton, said to be worthy of a visit, but these I had no opportunity to see.

After exhausting my patience and finances at "Acow's," I returned to the ship to explore the environs of Whampoa. Our anchorage was at the head of the Reach, opposite a ship yard in "Newtown," where a large ship, the Prince de Joinville, was then in dock undergoing repairs. This yard was at that time in the possession of a Mr. Cowper, a yankee, if I am not misinformed, but had been originally established by a Chinaman. Every thing necessary for repairing a vessel appeared to be on hand, and Mr. C. was then engaged in coppering the one on his dock.

Whampoa Reach is the anchorage for merchantmen, and is the most convenient place to Canton for that purpose. A large number of vessels were here receiving and awaiting cargoes, and the daily arrivals and departures of ships give it a cheerful aspect.

The old town of Whampoa is strictly Chinese, and separated from contact with the "outside barbarian," as much as is Canton, by its walls. It is true, you may be allowed to pass its gates, but run a risk of being hustled and pelted out of their vicinity.

Newtown is composed of traders, who are gradually leaving the "old town," which is some distance below, and is called Bamboo town. Both of these places are accessible, and have the interminable lane of shops, all the "same same," as in Canton.

Called upon Mr. Bonny, an American Missionary, who was then a resident at Newtown, but who hoped soon to settle in Whampoa, and was making arrangements for a house within its walls. He appeared devoted to his vocation, with strong hopes of success. Found him (it was night) engaged with several Chinese, the principal men of the village, to whom he was exhibiting a magic lantern, with which they seemed greatly pleased. It was a very superior instrument, and an excellent method of conveying to unpractised minds, many things, which otherwise must have remained mysteries to them. The motion of the earth, for instance, illustrated by a ship rising above the horizon—the sidereal system, and the eclipses of the moon. He describes the population of this vicinity as being very dense, and igno-

rant. Their belief resembles the ancient mythology, for they have their Jupiter Tonans, or "thunder god," and other deities similar to those worshipped by the more classical heathen of Rome and Greece. He has succeeded in partially disabusing the minds of some, but finds it requires great efforts to eradicate ideas so strongly implanted. May he have success in his disinterested labors! I should have earlier mentioned that Mr. Bonny speaks the Chinese language, and appears to convey his ideas with much fluency.

There is a bethel, or floating "seaman's chapel," anchored in the "Reach," which was presided over by the Rev. George Loomis, whom I had the pleasure to hear deliver an excellent discourse from the text: "And by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin." In the course of his remarks he made a beautiful and touching allusion to the deaths of those two great men, Sir Robert Peel and General Taylor, the news of which had just reached us by mail.

Was pleased to see a numerous and attentive audience of shipmasters and seamen, and from the frank and pleasing address of Mr. L. cannot doubt but that he will have great success with this class of men.

The bethel was in itself a very neat affair. The place devoted to public worship being about fifty feet by thirty, prepared with admirable adaptation for that purpose, and well ventilated. It contained, besides apartments for the pastor, a fine reading room, where a number of foreign papers were regularly filed, and a good library kept. Its roof was flat,

and above this was another covering of matting which formed a fine sheltered promenade. Indeed, a building could hardly have been planned ashore, comprising more commodious, convenient, or comfortable quarters, and I am indebted to its cool retreat for the remembrance of many an hour passed pleasantly.

The Anniversary of our National Independence came round whilst we lay in Whampoa. It was recognized with due honor. The ship dressed with flags, and a national salute fired at meridian. A dinner was given to the officers by the American shipmasters and residents of the "Reach," which passed off very pleasantly. The usual quantity of champagne and patriotism expended. Toasts proposed and drank, and the fact generally conceded that the United States were the greatest states on the face of the globe, and the "United Staters" the greatest people.

Our repairs completed we unmoored, and commenced to back and fill down the river until we had cleared the shipping, and then taking advantage of the tide, got into the bay and headed for Macão. Found the flagship at anchor in the outer roads, and after saluting and communicating with the Commodore, went into the Typa, and moored there.

The Typa is an anchorage inside the harbor, and is so called from an island which protects it from the sea. It has from four to four and a half fathoms water, and of course cannot be entered by very large vessels. Although in former times the largest sized East-Indiamen have gone in.

They are now forced, if stopping at Macào, to anchor outside, abreast the town, and some four or five miles off.

Hong-Shan river, or the Broadway, commences here, and is a kind of a cut-off, navigated by junks from Canton to Macào.

The city of Macào, called first by the Portuguese, *Port da Macao*, from the name of a Chinese idol found there, is called *Gaou*, or *Ou-moon* by the Chinese, and occupies the southernmost point of the island of *Heang-Shan*.

After the discovery of the passage to the East Indies around the Cape of Good Hope, by De Gama, who landed on the Malabar Coast in 1498, the Portuguese continued to navigate these seas, and were allowed by the Chinese a shelter on this point. In the year 1550, having obtained a foothold, by degrees they built themselves stone houses and forts, and commenced the foundation of a city.

About this time, they had established a profitable commerce with Japan, China, and the Eastern Islands, and this settlement became the centre of an extensive trade, which increased until Macào grew into a place of considerable importance.

The Chinese government, however, in granting this favor to the Portuguese fenced it around with their usual caution, and placed many restrictions upon them. The point upon which Macào stands, is almost separated from the Island, the connection being an Isthmus of about three hundred feet; across which, about three miles from the *Praya*, a wall is built through which is a gateway, guarded by Chinese soldiers, and beyond which the Portuguese were not allowed to

pass; and their municipal government was restricted to the barrier. It was placed there in 1573.

When we were there the guard had been removed, and a part of the wall thrown down; the Governor Amaral having broken through more *barriers* than this, previous to his murder—of which, anon.

CHAPTER V.

Passage Ashore—A-ti—The Praya —Forts—Governor's Road—Description of Macào—Murder of Amāral—Manœuvring of Seu and his Triumph—A new Governor—His Death—Council of Government—View from Guia Fort—Marques' Garden—Camoen's Grotto—Epitaph and Doggerel written there—A Beautiful Spot—Stealing Fire from the Gods—Fate of Prometheus.

LEAVING the Typa in a fast boat, we were soon opposite the town, when we were obliged to re-embark on board one of a fleet of Tanka boats, which put out from the shore as soon as our buttons were discovered. Tanka means eggboat; they resemble an eggshell divided longitudinally, and are peculiar to Macào, the shoalness of the water preventing a landing in larger vessels. Were captured by A-ti, a laughing Chinese nymph, with a splendid set of the whitest teeth, and landed safely on the Praya, after purchasing our ransom with a Spanish coin, in value twenty-five cents.

The Praya is a fine promenade, extending in a semi-circle along the entire front of the city. On each of its points is a fortification, and at its right extremity the Plaza. On the part which winds past the Plaza, are placed stone seats, which are of a nature to retain much of the caloric dispensed by the sun during the hot days in summer.

This walk is well paved, with a stanch sea wall to protect it from the waves, which come in with considerable

force, especially in the Typhoon season. It commands a view of the neighboring islands, the Typa and outer roads.

Back of the town, and overlooking it, is a hill, on which is placed an extensive work, called Fort Monte, which not only commands the town but the approaches from its rear.

From beyond the Campo gate, a fine, smooth, and well graded carriage way extends to the "Barrier;" and to the right of the "Gate," on an eminence, stands a well placed fort having guns bearing upon the Barrier.

There appear, indeed, to be forts wherever one can be stuck, and the wonder in regard to some of them is, how they ever got the guns into them, so inaccessible do they seem.

On the Governor's road, about three fourths of a mile from the town, is a fine garden, belonging to a French Abbè. It is arranged with much taste: in its centre was a small mosque-like temple, whilst at each corner of the enclosure were towers of the same style. The road is the favorite promenade and drive, and upon it, at the season when we were there, were to be seen some very fine equipages, principally belonging to persons from Hong-Kong and Canton.

Macào, like other Portuguese towns, has many churches and its quantum of priests. The cathedral is the best looking building, although not so large as some of the others. It had lately been repaired, and both internally and externally presented a gay and gaudy appearance, in strong contrast with the decayed condition of the houses surrounding it.

There is the ruin of the church of "Mater Dei," which had been destroyed by fire, the entire front of which still

stands, covered with carving, a majestic monument of the pride and power of Rome.

The other churches, although their interiors are kept in some repair for the purpose of worship, have crumbling and mouldering walls, proving that "*Tempus, edax rerum*" has not spared them, and in the absence of rejuvenating art, still uses his remorseless tooth upon the softening stone.

Indeed, what strikes the stranger most sadly and forcibly as he saunters through the streets, is the universal evidence of decay. It is melancholy to see buildings, which must once have been magnificent, slowly sinking into ruin. The mind cannot help picturing these buildings, brilliant with beauty, and resounding with festivity, when Macão was the depôt for the trade with China, with a fleet of all nations filling its harbor, and its storehouses teeming with the rich merchandise of the East.

But British perseverance, and Yankee enterprise, have asserted the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon race, and the vessels, which formerly made this their port after their voyage around the Cape, now discharge and receive their cargoes at Whampoa and Hong-Kong, whilst only occasionally the masts of a man of war, or of some straggling merchantman, are to be seen in the harbor of Macão.

The murder of Amaral in 1849, is said to have produced a prejudicial effect upon the interests of Macão, but I cannot see how that could have influenced it in this manner, as the difficulty had not extended to open war, and a Chinaman would have been willing to trade if he found it profitable, even should such have been the case; and had the Portu-

guese artillery been echoing amongst the rocky hills of Ou-moon, you would have found him seeking the almighty dollar

“Even at the cannon’s mouth.”

The particulars of the Governor’s murder, as I could obtain them, are these : Ioao Maria Ferreira do Amaral, Governor of the provinces of Macão, Timor, and Solor, was assassinated near the “Barrier,” on the 22d day of August, 1849. It appeared by the confession of Chang-asin, alias Chou-asin, that an acquaintance of his, named Shing-Chi-liang, on account of the Governor having made roads without the Campo gates, by which the *graves of his ancestors were destroyed*, was so enraged thereat, that he determined to murder him in order to satisfy his revenge. For the purpose of assisting in this design he hired two Chinese, Ko-Ahong and Li-Apau, and charged Chou-asin, together with two other Chinamen, Chou-ayan and Chen-afat, to act as guards to prevent people from approaching. To this they all agreed, and hearing that the Governor would go out on that day for recreation, proceeded to waylay him.

Towards evening, when it was twilight, Shing-Chi-liang seeing Amaral, the Governor, approach on horseback, went up to him under the pretence that he had a petition to hand him, saying that he had a complaint to prefer, and whilst Amaral was stretching out his hand to receive the paper, Shing-Chi-liang drew a sharp knife he had concealed in the handle of his umbrella, and commenced stabbing him in the arm and shoulder, until he fell from his horse, when Shing-

Chi-liang immediately cut off his head and hand, and they all ran, each his own way. Chou-ayan and Chen-afat were killed in an engagement with the English, having, with himself, fled to Hiang-Kang, a seaport, from whence they went over to the pirates, and he was afterwards seized by the Chinese government and taken to Canton, where, after making this confession, he prayed for mercy.

A long and not very amicable correspondence was held by a Portuguese Council of Government, formed at Macào upon Amaral's death, and Seu, Governor-General at Canton, in which the Council demanded the head and hand of their murdered Governor, and Seu required in return three Chinese soldiers, (arrested by the Portuguese authorities at the Barrier gate after the murder, and detained in prison at Macào, as accessory to the deed,) as an exchange for the remains of the Governor. The Council denounced this demand as infamous, denied the soldiers, and put the question to Seu, if he intended to keep possession of these mutilated remains of a brave man, cowardly slain, because he is conscious of having acquired them by means which, in his judgment, give him a right to traffic with them, regardless of constituting himself by this act a participator in the crime which gave them into his possession; also adding, that, protesting against his conduct, they would hold him responsible for the assassination of the Most Excellent Governor Amaral, and for the retention of his hand and head, which they would make known to the world by means of a manifesto.

Seu answered, that the murderer of Amaral, Shing-Chi-liang, had been apprehended, tried, sentenced, and executed.

That in consequence of his confession, the place where the head and hand had been buried was discovered, and that a deputed officer had been sent to deliver them up, but the council still detaining the three soldiers apprehended at the Barrier, the officer did not dare to take upon himself the responsibility, and concludes his dispatch, with true Chinese sententiousness, in these words: "Here is the cause of the delay and of this confusion. All things should be managed with reflection, and in a proper way. Obstinacy cannot bring affairs to a conclusion," &c., &c.

Upon the 29th of the November succeeding, the Council published their manifesto, in which Seu and the Chinese authorities are accused of connivance in the murder of Amaral. This, Seu, who is evidently not to be written down, answers by accounting for the disposal of the murderer of the Governor, and his accomplices, and sends the confession of Chou-asin. Matters remained in this position until the 24th of December of the same year, when the Macão Council sent the three Chinese prisoners to Seu, and assuming that these men, on duty at the time at the Barrier, were at least cognizant of the murder of Amaral, demand their trial, informing Seu at the same time, that in placing them in his hands, they hold him responsible for them. When Seu had obtained these men, after some delay, he sends the head and hand, which were delivered to a commission appointed by the Council to receive them, on board a Lorch, off the Praya Grande. They were conveyed to the cathedral, and after funeral service had been performed, placed in consecrated ground with solemn ceremony. Thus His Excellency

Governor-General Seu gained his point. What became of the three Chinamen I did not learn, but suppose they were allowed to escape.

A new governor was commissioned and sent out in the Portuguese corvette Don Joas Primero. Pedro Alexandrino da Cunha, captain in the royal navy, reached Macão on the second of May, 1850, and immediately assumed the reins of government.

It was now supposed that something more efficacious than writing would be resorted to; but he died very suddenly on the sixth of July following, within about one month before the anniversary of the assassination of his predecessor. A singular coincidence.

Some have been bold enough to assert that his sudden demise was to be attributed to the effects of poison administered by Chinese servants, bribed by their government, but I think that the report of his death from cholera is correct.

After the death of Da Cunha, the administration of government devolved again upon the "Council," of which D. Jeronimo Joze de Matta, Bishop of the Province, was the head, assisted by a Chief Justice, Mayor, Judge, Procurator, and Fiscal.

This was not very popular, as what government can be, to a declining people, who will not exert themselves, but complain to Hercules, without putting their own shoulders to the wheel.

The walks in the neighborhood of Macão are pleasant, and the views very fine; among the best are those from Penha hill on the southern point of the peninsula, and Guia

fort on its northern side. From the latter position the entire possessions of this Portuguese province can be comprised at a glance, and Macão lies beneath you a miniature city, with pigmies moving along the Praya and its principal streets. This fort, from its commanding position, is used as a telegraphic station, and news of any unusual event is communicated to the town by signals.

From its elevated ramparts the eye takes in the course of the Hong-shan, or "Broadway;" Casa Branca; Ilha Verda; Camoen's grotto; the Barrier and Barrier forts; the harbors, both inner and outer; the Lapa hills, and numerous islands, as far as it can reach.

Camoen's grotto is situated on an eminence within the grounds of a Portuguese gentleman, Senhor L. Marques, which, without the attraction which would draw one to the poet's place of meditation, are themselves well worthy of a visit.

I went there in company with some Peruvian gentlemen, and was at first doubtful of the propriety of trespassing upon private property, but my scruples being overcome by my curiosity, and the assurance of one of the Peruvians that his acquaintance with the Senhor Marques would be a sufficient passport, we proceeded.

Upon passing his mansion, and sending up our cards, learned from a Coolie of the absence of its master, and entered unhesitatingly upon his grounds. Descending a few steps we came to a splendid aviary placed in the centre of the avenue. It was about fifteen feet in diameter and twenty in height, and contained quite a variety of beautiful birds.

The grounds are very extensive, covering entirely one of the hills upon which Macão is built, and are well laid out in broad smooth avenues fringed with rare trees and shrubs, but

“ Each walk was green as is the mantled pool
For want of human travel.”

After walking some distance, had to ascend a path, which leading along a dividing wall, brought us over the roofs of the Chinese houses in the town below, and reminded us of the position of “*Le diable boiteux*” of *Le Sage*, although I doubted if we could have gained as much information as that personage did, had we possessed his powers. From this part of the garden is a fine view of the inner harbor and the *Praya Manduco*. Still ascending, upon the highest point found Camoen’s grotto. It had originally been an arched rock, but part of the arch giving way, has been wall-ed into a square enclosure, in which a pedestal of corresponding proportions has been placed which sustains a bust of the great Portuguese poet. Upon tablets set in the four sides of the pedestal are inscribed appropriate verses from his poem—the *Lusiad*; whilst in another place upon a stone set in the rock, is an epitaph in the French language, but the most appropriate sentiment was expressed in this couplet pencilled on the side of the grotto:

“ Sad poet ! ’twas thy fate, alas, to be
Not less the child of fame than misery.”

Another poet degenerated into doggerel, and desecrated the spot by the following impromptu, which, as he had the

delicacy not to scribble on Camoen's Cave, I transcribe for his benefit.

“ Oh, dear Camoens ! what a time you had
 Rounding ‘the Cape’ to write the *Lusiad* :
 But you got fame, and I should have some too,
 For didn’t I come round the Cape as well as you ?
 So, if you now in glowing numbers shine,
 Did I not *right* (?) when twice I’ve crossed the Line ?
 But keep your laurels, poet, any how
 Your song is sad—’twas *written at Macão*.”

The spot was well chosen for meditation, and imagination carried me back to the time when the exiled child of genius was seated here, and “gave to airy nothing a local habitation and a name.”

Returning, as we passed a house occupied by a Chinaman who had supervision of the grounds, one of the party lighted his cheroot from a joss stick burning before the Chinaman’s joss, and was reminded of a certain Prometheus, who in olden times was said to have filched fire from the heathen deities, but for a nobler purpose, and having been convicted of this flaming larceny, had for his punishment “the Vulture and the Rock,” which fate I deprecated for my friend ; although should he remain long in this climate, I could not answer for the state of his liver.

Poor fellow ! little did I then think so soon to hear of his death. A few months after he was murdered in a revolt of Coolies on board a ship in which he was returning to Peru.

CHAPTER VI.

Up the Canton River again—Bay of Canton—Bocca Tigris—Forts at the Bogue—
Their Construction—Conduct of Chinese when Attacked—The Feast of Lan-
terns—the Rebellion—Paddy Fields and Mosquitoes—Back to Typa—Pleasant
Times—Blowing up of a Frigate!

A REBELLION had broken out in the province adjoining that of Kwang-tung; and as the insurgents had made rapid advances towards the capital, our consul there thought our presence in the neighborhood might prove beneficial to American interests. It was again, "All hands up anchor," to proceed up the Canton River, and away we steered, past the towering island of Lin-tin, towards the Bocca Tigris.

Macào may be said to be situated in the Bay of Canton; for these are all islands until you pass through the "Bogue."

Bocca Tigris was the name given to the eastern channel of the entrance to the Pearl, or Canton River,—a near translation of the Chinese name Hoo-tow-mun (Tiger's Head Passage). The pilots call it Foo-mun.

There is a fort on Anunghoy Point, and two others on the western channel on the North Wang-tong island; also the office of Hoppo, Collector of Customs, where pilots are forced to show their "chops."

There are also quite a number of Chinese forts in the neighborhood of the "Bogue;" but they did not appear to

be manned, although quite a number of old rusty guns were sticking through their embrasures.

Some of these forts are very extensive; that is, their walls enclose a considerable area; but they are badly constructed as places of defence, having a greater part of their interior exposed, which cannot be helped, as their walls mostly run up the sides of steep hills, in which no excavations have been made. They present, however, quite a picturesque appearance, and add greatly to the effect of this otherwise uninteresting part of the river.

Many amusing tales are told of the conduct of their defenders when the British vessels attacked them; and how, when a shell was thrown into them, the Chinamen scattered in every direction, through their ports, and every other available means of exit, exclaiming, "Ei-yah, how can make shoot two time?"

Went up again to Canton, to the Consulate, and learned there that the rebels had not advanced much farther, having stopped to plunder, whilst Seu, the Governor-General, was preparing a large force to oppose them. Found great preparations making for a festival, which my duties did not allow me to see, but which those who witnessed it described as truly magnificent. They called it the Feast of Lanterns. From what I saw have no doubt but that it must have been so at night, when the immense number of chandeliers, candelabra, lanterns, and other arrangements for making an illumination, were lighted.

There were also images as large as life stuck over the gates of different streets, and upon platforms crossing them,

with paintings of movable figures strung across them, Sing-Song houses, &c. &c. If you add to this an immense multitude of fantastically-dressed Chinamen, each carrying a lighted lantern richly ornamented, the coup-d'œil will be better imagined than I can describe.

The celebration was kept up three nights, and the crowd assembled was immense; so great, indeed, that those who were enabled to gratify their curiosity did so with much wear and tear of clothing, and considerable loss of buttons.

In the meanwhile the valiant Seu had started to chastise the insolent disturbers of the peace of the "Central Flowery Land;" and being determined to expedite his work, took with him a high and learned judge, to condemn the vagabonds, and doubtless executioners to dispose of them.

We remained in Whampoa Reach, awaiting the issue, amidst the delightful odors of decaying paddy fields, and lulled to rest by the harmonious music of myriads of mosquitoes.

During this grand convulsion of the Chinese empire, it was delightful to notice the regularity with which our Chinese compradore, Ayooke, supplied the ship with provisions, and how little he appeared to know or care about the matter. I thought him then a great philosopher, but changed my opinion when I learned that these affairs are of common occurrence in the Chinese empire, especially at the commencement of a new reign, and that the authorities know as well how to manage them, as police officers to put down a row in Ann Street, Boston; and even better, for they have a

golden remedy, which long experience has taught them how to apply.

After remaining one month at Whampoa, and a large proportion of the crew getting on the sick-list, we were at length allowed to leave for our old anchorage in the Typa, where we learned that the puissant Seu, his generals, and his judges, had quenched the revolt, and the misguided wretches, whom he had in pity spared, were sorrowfully retracing their steps. But one thing I noticed in his extended and flowery report, that quite a number of his officers were degraded, and heavy fines imposed upon them for alleged misconduct; thus proving in China, as throughout the world, that the larger fish consume the smaller fry, and increase greatly in consequence.

Found the change of position very agreeable, the fine bracing air from the sea acting like a charm upon the invalids, and driving away those wandering minstrels, the mosquitoes. Besides, there was the daily trip on shore in the "fast boat," available to those whose duties would allow it. The pleasant walk along the "Praya," or on the Governor's Road, and the generally delightful sail off to the ship at nine o'clock, on some of those beautiful moonlight evenings, when with but a gentle breeze to waft us smoothly over the placid waters, we could recline in our commodious boat, and puffing the mild cheroot (a privilege not the less valued because it was later than the regulations permitted smoking on board), we looked upon those gentle beams, and thought kindly of those friends *beneath our feet*, upon whom they might fall to-morrow, "wind and weather permitting," and a

sweet face would glisten upon us from the undulating wave, and "Boat a-hoy!" from the watchful quartermaster would bring us back to reality and the ship; overboard would go our magical cheroot, over the side our imaginative self, and having duly reported the important fact of our return on board, down we would dive through the steerage hatch, to conjure up again in dreams the dear face we saw in the moonlighted wave.

Our anchorage in the Typa was the same we had occupied on our first visit, and was very eligible, being protected by Typa island from the sea. Upon the point of this island nearest to us stood a fort, named after the island; and a little more than a cable's length from our moorings lay the Portuguese frigate Donna Maria Segunda, of thirty-eight guns, commanded by Captain Francisco d'Assis e Silva.

Affairs had been pursuing their usual routine, when upon the evening of the twenty-eighth of October a boat boarded us from the frigate, under charge of an officer, who brought an invitation from Captain D'Assis to join with him on the twenty-ninth in the celebration of the birthday of the King Consort of Portugal, upon which occasion it was his intention to dress his ship, and fire a national salute at meridian. Of course, an assent was given; and accordingly at eight o'clock the next morning, every thing having been previously prepared, we broke stops with the frigate, and thus bedecked, both vessels made a gallant show.

We had dressed perpendicularly, whilst she had her flags fore and aft, running up to her flying jib-boom from the water, and down to the gaff on her mizzen. The frigate had

been newly painted, and looked upon this occasion exceedingly well, her neat appearance being the subject of general remark.

We lay thus, side by side, until meridian, when she fired a well-timed salute, in which we joined; and every thing remained quiet, until about twenty minutes past two, when a report was heard resembling the discharge of a whole broadside of double-shotted guns, and a shock communicated as though we had received their contents.

The water was forced through the air-ports, splashed over the spar-deck, and dashed down the hatches. The first and general impression was, that the frigate had fired into us. On rushing upon deck, nothing could be distinguished, for we were completely enveloped in a dense cloud of flame and smoke. For a minute or two nothing could be determined. At length an old quartermaster sung out, "The frigate has blown up!" I ascended the poop, and looking towards her moorings, saw all that remained of the "Donna Maria Segunda,"—a part of her stern-frame, just above water, and burning. Where once had pointed her tall spars, so proudly decked with the flags of all nations, no trace remained. She was the most complete wreck that could be imagined. The water was covered for acres with her fragments, and her masts and spars were shivered to splinters.

Our boats were instantly alongside the wreck, and took from it, and picked out of the water, ten persons in all, of whom two were Chinamen. Amongst these was the young officer who had boarded us the previous evening, with the invitation to join in the celebration,—a fine-looking man. He

had been drawn from under the capstan, which had been blown aft, was horribly mutilated, and had doubtless nearly all his bones broken, besides sustaining internal injuries. He died like a hero upon our quarter-deck, without a groan.

The crew of the *Donna Maria* was said to have been composed of two hundred and forty souls; but there were some sick in the hospital at Macão, and a few absent on leave and duty. They had, however, some Chinese on board, not mustered as the crew, carpenters, and other artisans, and some prisoners from a French bark, the "*Chili*." I consider the number killed by this catastrophe may be fairly set down as two hundred!

The commandant, d'Assis, perished with his vessel. His body was found two days after, dragging astern, he having been blown through the stern port, and caught in a sail. His remains were carried to Macão, and buried with military honors, our officers assisting at the ceremony. His son, a young Aspirantè, or Midshipman, was ashore at the time. A lieutenant was in charge of the "*Typha Fort*," and the surgeon in Macão, at their hospital. The other officers were principally on board the frigate.

Our commander, with others, had received an invitation to dine on board, but the time had been fortunately postponed.

At the precise moment of the explosion on board the "*Donna Maria*," we were probably as near as it would have been possible to have been in our relative moorings, lying broadside on, but a little astern of her; our starboard battery could have been brought to bear a point forward of the

beam; and this very proximity was doubtless the cause of our escaping serious injury. Two of her heavy guns passed entirely over us, clearing our royal masts, and falling into the water about twenty feet on our port beam. Our main deck awning was spotted, as if a shower of blood had passed over it. Some shot, pieces of lead, fragments of spars, and the brains and entrails of the sufferers were lodged in the tops, and other parts of our ship. The gig was stove, but her keeper escaped without injury; another boat-keeper was not so fortunate, an iron bolt striking him on the knee, and maiming him for life.

A gun carriage was thrown past us into the fort, breaking through the roof, and falling directly in the place where an officer had been seated writing, but a few moments before.

After the explosion a number of smaller ones took place, and then the remains of the ill-fated frigate burned to the water's edge.

Her magazine was said to have contained eighteen thousand pounds of powder. Three hundred barrels of sixty pounds each, for which orders came out a few days later, to be stowed in the magazine in Macão, and the frigate to proceed to Lisbon.

The disaster was attributed to design. The gunner was said to have fired the magazine for revenge.

It was said that only a few days previous, he had been severely reprimanded by the Captain, for some neglect of duty, and that the Captain had pulled his beard.

Afterwards he told his messmates that he could not sur-

vive such an indignity, that he was an old man, and had not long to live, but when he died, others should die too.

This is the way the Portuguese account for the loss of the vessel and her crew.

Out of all those picked up, but one survived ! Our own escape can only be attributed to the protecting hand of that Providence, without whose knowledge not even the smallest sparrow can fall to the ground unnoticed.

CHAPTER VII.

Visit Hong-Kong—A beautiful Morning—Harbor of Hong-Kong—Settlement of Victoria—Line-of-battle ship Hastings—Forecastle logic—An arrival from the Northern Seas—Her B. M. S. Herald—Salutes—Description of Victoria—Club House—Health of Hong-Kong—Death vacancies—Feasting and Fêtes—Ball—Pic-Nic—Departure from Hong-Kong.

A VISIT to Hong-Kong had been some time in contemplation, and accordingly on Friday afternoon, twenty-ninth of November, we unmoored, and at three o'clock on Saturday morning, weighed the remaining anchor, and drifted with the ebb towards the entrance of the Typa, but sticking fast on a mud bank, had to wait for the next tide, which luckily bore us off on the afternoon of the same day, when we got out and underway.

Upon one of the most beautiful mornings I had ever seen in this climate, Sunday, the first of December, we were approaching Hong-Kong harbor, with easy tacks, and came to anchor off the town at noon.

The harbor is a very fine one, having sufficient depth to float vessels of the largest size, which is indicated by its color, being of a beautiful blue, and forming a strong contrast to that of the Typa, and the waters around Macão, which are discolored by the debouchment of the Canton river.

It is very wide, and commodious, and completely locked by islands, making, I should think, a safe anchorage in the Tyfoong season.

Hong-Kong is also an island, and was ceded to the British by treaty with the Chinese. The settlement on it was called Victoria, but is generally known by the name of Hong-Kong; in fact, I believe you would puzzle some persons if you should call it by the former name. It extends over much ground, and a towering mountain in its rear, upon the base of which a portion of the town is built, has quite a romantic appearance.

Found in harbor Her British Majesty's line-of-battle ship Hastings, bearing the flag of Admiral Austen, and a number of merchantmen of all nations. One, which lay near us, with the Peruvian flag at her gaff, had painted upon her stern, "Iowa, of San Francisco," and I overheard a conversation between two of the men, on the subject of the apparent anomaly. A forecastleman, addressing a petty officer, inquired how she could hail from San Francisco, then belonging to the United States, and fly the Peruvian flag. "Why, look ye, you nincompoop," was the reply, "can't there be more'n one Jack Jones on the purser's books, and wherefore shouldn't there be more than one San Francisco in the chart of the world? Doesn't it stand to reason, seeing it's a saint's name, and they're all Catholics along that coast, that they should have a Saint Francisco in Peru?"

This reasoning appeared conclusive, as the subject was dropped. But afterwards I learned that she had been purchased in California, and in a few days her nation was made

known, by the word Callao filling the place of that of the Golden City on her stern: although her owner appeared to regret that he had been forced to change her flag, as, I understood, he thought he could have done better in an American bottom.

Upon the afternoon of the day of our arrival, H. B. M. ship Herald came in from the North Seas, on her return, having been six years out from England. No news of Sir John Franklin. Found her officers a fine, gentlemanly set, in excellent health and spirits, and apparently glad of a chance of thawing out.

On Monday saluted the Governor, twenty-one guns, which was returned from the "Murray Battery," a field work on shore, gun for gun. Afterwards gave the Admiral a salute of thirteen guns, returned by the "Hastings" with fifteen. This appears to be a British Admiral's salute, although we, having no such rank in our service, are not allowed to give him more guns than we give to our highest naval officer, viz., a Commodore. It may be all correct and proper, considering we have no corresponding rank, but if our government would only view the matter in a proper light, and lay aside petty prejudice, it would put our navy officers upon a par with those of other nations, and by giving them a rank, if only in name, entitle them to the same honors!

What are these officers but representatives of our government abroad, and how are foreign nations to judge of us, but through the weight these officers bear? Appearances and display go a great way with semi-civilized nations!

But I tread upon ground I had intended to avoid, and must step back to a more neutral point—my narrative.

After saluting, official visits were paid to the Governor and Admiral, and I took an opportunity to view the settlement.

There is a striking difference between Macào and Victoria. Here the merchants are princes, and dwell in princely edifices; here is life in the streets, and people move about as if they had an object, and the stranger says at once, "Ah! here is civilization!"

It is true he may not witness the evidence that caused an observing traveller to make such an exclamation upon coming to a gallows; but that proof may not be wanting that human nature requires restraint in all its phases, he will see patrols of policemen with loaded clubs, and Sepoys, having a carbine, or small rifle slung across their shoulders, parading in great profusion.

Another difference will be remarked between this place and Macào, which is, whilst Macào presents its best features in approaching it from seawards, Victoria makes but little show from the water, and if a person were only to have seen it from the harbor, he would set it down as a very inconsiderable place. It is only when you land, and after walking up one of the narrow slips, you pass through a gate into the "Queen's Road," that any thing can be seen of the town. It is true, as I have before stated, that some fine houses may be noticed on the base of the mountain, but upon this road, the principal portion of the town is built, and that cannot be seen from the water, owing to the houses being built down to its edge, having their entrances from the "Road."

This avenue is wide, and well graded, having a fine carriage way and *banquettes* for pedestrians on either side.

The houses are mostly built of a beautiful light-colored granite, and are of an imposing style of architecture. For a distance of nearly two miles along this principal thoroughfare, you come, every few rods, upon some public or private building that would do credit to any city. There are large, commodious barracks, hospitals, ordnance storehouses, interspersed with the dwellings of merchants, all built of this solid-looking building material.

But the pride of the colony should be its club-house, which is the finest looking building in the place of its style. It is very extensive, and built of blocks of granite, with a splendid front, a façade supported by a number of large granite pillars; and its interior arrangements correspond with its external appearance.

Ascending by steps from the street, you enter, from a wide portico, which extends along the entire front, upon a large open hall, in which are entrances to different apartments—billiard rooms, writing, smoking, and general reception rooms, and the superintendent's apartments. Two wide flights of stairs bring you to the upper story, or *au premiér*, as the French would call it.

Here are a suite of rooms, extending along the whole front, in which are newspapers from all parts of the world, materials and tables for writing, and all kinds of couches, divans, &c., for lounging. You can step from these rooms upon a magnificent balcony, corresponding with the porch below,

where you can enjoy such refreshments as you may be pleased to order, *al fresco* if you choose.

Another large apartment is used as a restaurant, and in another place is a fine library. Upon the floor above are sleeping apartments, baths, &c., and the attic furnishes rooms for coolies and attendants.

Through the attention of our consul, we had the entrée and use of this desirable place, and never did tired traveller enjoy the friendly welcome of an inn, after a weary journey, more than I did this hall of ease. Like the dove, I had found a resting-place from the waste of waters, and loth, very loth was I to return to my home upon the deep.

With all its attractions, however, Victoria will never become a desirable place of residence, on account of its insalubrity. Macào has very much the advantage over it in this respect, as indeed in every other, where natural causes are considered; and never was the difference between races so apparent as in the position and condition of these two settlements in China.

It cannot but be sickly in Hong-Kong in the summer season, and without entering into explanations of the cause, I merely state the fact, that during the summer of 1850, more than one-third of Her Majesty's fifty-ninth regiment were cut off by diseases incident to the climate. And the remark of an officer attached to Her Majesty's service, that it was a fine place for *death vacancies*, has more truth than poetry in it, I trow.

We were fêted and feasted here to our heart's content. Among those who were most forward to do us honor, I

must mention our own Consul, and Mr. Burd, Consul of the Swedish government. These gentlemen, who did us so much good, need hardly blush for this publicity of their deeds.

The officers of the Hastings gave a grand ball, to which our officers were invited, whilst the "Heralds" proved by their kind attentions that their cruise in the hyperborean regions of the North, had in nowise chilled the warm current of their hearts.

A pic-nic had been gotten up for the eighteenth of December, but the arrival of the mail on that day prevented many from attending, who would otherwise have been glad to have explored the island in pleasant company. As we only waited for our letters, as soon as they were received we were forced to bid a reluctant adieu to hospitable Hong-Kong.

CHAPTER VIII.

China—Limited opportunities—The Chinese nation compared with others—Its antiquity—Magnitude of territory and practicability of laws—Supposed origin of the Chinese—Fables of their early writers—Explanation of their exaggerations—Foundation of the Empire—Chinese traditions compared with sacred history—Similarity of events—Wise men of the East—Introduction of Buddhism—Arts and Sciences—The Magnetic Needle—Discovery of Gunpowder—Origin of the name—China—Che-Hwang-te, King of Tsin—Parallel between him and Napoleon—Religion—Confucius—The Taouists—Buddhism—A Buddhist's idea of Heaven.

A CHAPTER descriptive of China may not inappropriately fill up a period, during which I was ill and convalescent at Macào; although, for a person situated as I was, the attempt to describe the character of a people, covering such an extensive portion of the globe (having only had a peep at them through a few of their outermost ports, and these considerably Europeanized), is somewhat like the efforts of one to give an idea of Saint Peter's at Rome, after a single glimpse through its portals.

However, I may venture to speak of these people from what I have seen, fully aware that plenty of more potential pens, held by persons who have lived longer among them, and penetrated their country to a greater extent than I shall ever be able to do, have given their peculiarities to the public.

Another difficulty prevents a better knowledge of their forms and systems, and that is ignorance of their language, and the disposition of those with whom one can communicate to mislead and misinform the inquirer. For much as their interests may lead them to pretend to it, they really have but little respect for the "outside barbarian."

The Chinese are, not only numerically but comparatively, a great people, and their government (the oldest now known) a marvel and a wonder. As a nation, they have consistently carried on their system, whilst other congregations of people, arising successively upon the sea of Time, have spent their force and dashed their sparkling particles upon the shores of Oblivion. They, like the ocean, though occasionally vexed by storms and convulsions, still cover the expanse allotted to them.

The Egyptian, who held the Jew captive, became himself a slave. The "people of God," who broke through and displaced the nations of the plain, vainly opposing their passage to the promised land, themselves at last dispersed, sought refuge throughout the world; when the "Holy City" Jerusalem became in turn a prey to the Roman. And Rome, the mistress of the world! Rome, too, was blotted from the list of nations.

An empire, which, extending from ninety-eight to one hundred and twenty-three degrees of east longitude, and eighteen to forty-two north latitude; bounded on the north by Russia and Siberia, on the east by the great Pacific Ocean; south by the islands (many of them independent powers) which fill the China Sea, and disconnect it from the Indian

Ocean; and westward by the independent Tartar nations, covering with its dependent provinces an area of five millions of square miles, of which only about one-fourth is included within the geographical limits of China proper, governs, at the present time, a population of four hundred millions of souls (a proportion of one-third of the estimated inhabitants of the globe), with a code of laws which has been handed down from the earliest ages of which we have a knowledge.

Situated on a continent, supposed to have been selected by the Creator as the spot on which to place the first of the human race; upon which, as is told in holy writ, at the Divine command, light first burst upon the world, it is singular that this part of Asia should so long have remained in darkness, and that even now conjecture loses itself in searching for the origin of this peculiar people.

If we take the first book of the Pentateuch for our guide, we must come to the conclusion, that in the confusion of tongues at the building of Babel, when the Lord said, as is described in the eleventh chapter of that book, "Let us go down and there confound their language, so that they may not understand one another's speech;" "and from thence the Lord did scatter them abroad upon the face of the earth;" that this nation formed a portion of those presumptuous builders, who, in their migrations, settled down upon the banks of the Yellow River, and there multiplying, gradually peopled this vast surface.

Their early traditions, indeed, appear to extend beyond the period of the flood, and from these the "dark idolater of chance," who would rejoice to prove that "Book of Books" a

splendid fable, draws his deductions. But how he fails. The learned men of China, those held in the greatest repute amongst a people where such a reputation is not easily obtained, themselves admit, that the history of their empire in its infancy, is, for the most part, apocryphal, and that the myths of these early writers are only to be considered as such, and are not to affect its chronology.

Indeed, the character of the language, when it refers to superior powers, has such a tendency to exaggeration, as to afford great facilities to those who would construe it to suit this particular purpose.*

The Chinese historians speak of their Celestial Emperor, who reigned forty-five thousand years! They also name a Terrestrial Emperor, whose reign extended eighteen thousand years! And they had, in addition, a Human Emperor, who occupied the throne for the same period, in succession. There is then their fabulous period, which commences with the creation of man, when Pwan-Koo (First Man) was produced. After which the Celestial Emperor, Teen-Hwang-She, "Imperial Heaven," settled the years, taking eighteen thousand years

* One of the causes which have led the Chinese themselves into great errors with regard to the ancient state of their country, is the having given to their ancient characters the acceptations which they did not acquire until later times.

The characters which *are now* translated by the words emperor, province, city, palace, meant no more in former times than the chief of a tribe, a district, a camp, a house. These simple meanings did not flatter their vanity sufficiently, and they therefore preferred employing terms which would represent their ancestors as rich and powerful, and their empire vast and flourishing in the *first year* of its foundation as if *by magic*.—M. DE GUIGNES' LITTERA.

to perform this task. Succeeded by Te-Hwang-She, "Royal Earth,"—who is said to have devoted the same period to fix the months. After Royal Earth comes Jin-Hwang-She,—“Sovereign Man,”—who divided the land, and was forty-five thousand years about it.

Following the string of their traditions, we come down to two thousand three hundred and fifty-six years before Christ, when was founded the first dynasty,—that of Te-yaou,—according to their chronology, Hea being Emperor, or Chief, as De Guignes rationally supposes. This is about the time of the dispersion of the human family, and, I think, the proper date for the birth of this nation. Let that be as it may, there is a great similarity between their traditions and our sacred record. Their first man was produced by superior power, and was placed over the inferior animals.

In the reign of Te-yaou there was an account of a great flood. Shortly after, wine was discovered, and its intoxicating effects found out in the reign of Fohi, who answers the description of Noah. Then came a prince noted for his fondness for hunting, who was contemporary with Nimrod. And there was a seven years' drought, like that described in Genesis, ch. xli.

Another singular coincidence in their chronology, which I may be allowed to refer to before dismissing this part of the subject, is the fact set down by one of their historians, that in the fifty-fifth year of the forty-fifth cycle, the Emperor Ming-te, in about the tenth year of his reign, sent messengers to look for "*the holy man of the West.*" Now this period corresponds with the commencement of the Christian

era: and allowing for discrepancies unavoidable in such a calculation, could it not have been possible that a faint glimmering of the "Star of Bethlehem" had crossed this monarch's vision, and that, but for their dilatory footsteps, these ambassadors of the Chinese Emperor might have knelt by the side of those other "wise men of the East," who were guided by its beams to the cradle of the infant Saviour? Certain it is, that Buddhism was introduced into China about that time, and that this ruler felt the need of a holy man, as if by inspiration!

The Chinese appear rapidly to have progressed in the arts, and to have been foremost in all those inventions, which in their application have conduced so much to the amelioration and welfare of the human race. Eleven hundred and eight years before we commence to count our era (B. C. 1108,) the unerring magnet that points so steadily to the pole, was discovered by this ingenious people; and who may say what other progress may have been made in science and literature up to B. C. 220, when the cruel and ambitious Che-Hwang-te, who, having finished the Great Wall, and wishing to date the foundation of his empire from his reign, collected and burned all such records as he could obtain, and destroyed by a cruel death the wise men within his dominions.*

Since then, at a very early part of the Christian era, they are known to have made a representative of money in the

* This presumption was overruled by an all-wise Providence, by the subsequent discovery of some books of Confucius in repairing an old house.—MONTGOMERY MARTIN.

shape of paper,* and a stamp duty was imposed upon the sale of lands (A. D. 369). Shortly after, learning became much cherished; literary men rose to dignities and honor, and colleges were endowed in different parts of the empire.

Types had been invented some time in the early part of the ninth century,† and the art of book-binding was known as early as A. D. 750.‡ The application of Gunpowder as a projectile was made in 1225; and the invention of the Loom is dated a few years later.

The name, China, is derived from 'Tsin; and it became known by this name to the other nations of the world through the ambition of Che-Hwang-te, before mentioned, who assumed the title of King of 'Tsin; and who, if he was cruel, appears to have been also able and talented. He not only enlarged and extended the empire, but what was gained to it he consolidated and strengthened. The Great Wall was not the only monument of his reign. Splendid roads afforded facilities for trade, which he greatly encouraged. Overflowed lands were redeemed, and stagnant and unwholesome marshes became, by the magic of his mind, fertile and healthy plains. His capital was enlarged and beautified, and employment given by his great works to thousands who else had starved. As he was the greatest, so was he the last of his dynasty; for it ended in the death of his son, but a

* Anno Domini 297.

† Anno Domini 924.

‡ The Chinese made paper about 350 years before Christ; and Confucius, about a century before, wrote his admirable maxims on a bamboo, with a stylus.

short time after his own demise, and a new dynasty,—that of Han,—was erected upon its ruins; thus destroying plans for the furtherance of which much blood had been shed.

There is a strong parallel between the life and fate of this monarch and that of the Emperor Napoleon. Both of humble origin,* each made himself a NAME, and from each a name descended to his country. Under the influence of that insanity of great minds,—Ambition,—each filled the world with his reflected glory, and each failed in his dearest and most cherished wish, the perpetuation of his name through his offspring. Much good did either do, but in the prosecution of the plans of each, much innocent blood was spilled. They both were great! Was either good?

The name of Kathay, or Cathay, was applied to this country by ancient writers, among whom was Marco Polo, a Venetian, who was about the first who penetrated its boundaries. I have assumed it, therefore, as a title, as much from its antiquity as for its euphony.

When one would speak of the religious institutions of China, he is indeed in the position of the person named in the commencement of this chapter. There appears to be three systems of religions, viz., that of Confucius, the system of Laou-tze, and that of Buddha. But when you attempt to find out his belief, a Chinaman is very apt to confound you with a part of each doctrine, and it is only by much sifting that you can come at his real sentiments. The superior men of China affect the doctrines of the two first-named

* The mother of Che-Hwang-te had been a concubine of a merchant of Ho-nan.

philosophers, whilst the dark and ambiguous creed of Buddha obtains with the lower classes.

The system of Confucius is well known to the general reader. It is an excellent code of morals. He advocates a control over the passions, and a proper management of the affections, and comes as near as he can to the rule laid down in the New Testament, "to do to others, as we would have others do unto us." His virtues are benevolence, righteousness, *politeness*, (!) wisdom and truth. Filial piety is inculcated as the first and primary duty. In fact, he considers it the foundation of all ; and teaches that ancestors are to be worshipped after death, and their slightest command obeyed throughout life. He advocates subjection to superiors, and contentment with our lot, but appears to have no idea of retribution beyond this life ; and although in his works the existence of a superior power is admitted, and he even says, in one instance, "Imperial Heaven has no kindred to serve, and will only assist Virtue," yet a favorite maxim of his, "Respect the gods, but keep them at a distance," proves that he considered the superior influences as having but little affinity with man.

The religion of Laou-tze comes next for our consideration. Its followers are called Taouists, from the word Taou,—Reason,—the active principle,—eternal reason. Its founder lived about the same time as Confucius, who is said to have had an interview with him. Confucius describes Laou-tze as resembling the dragon, and received from him a lecture, in which he accuses him of worldly-mindedness and vanity, and concludes by telling him to make the best of it he can. He

is called the "Venerable Philosopher," and is said to have appeared thrice upon earth; in one instance as Lavu-Tan, when he honored Confucius with a visit; another time as Laou-Keun, "The venerable Prince."

He has left some good maxims, but his religion is tinged with error, and is filled with superstition. I have hardly time, and it would be scarcely worth while, to describe the peculiar tenets he inculcates; but he allows extensive powers to evil and malignant spirits, and the priests make great use of their supposed influence. The belief that ghosts will return to haunt and disturb the places in which the spirit has left the body, causes many a poor believer of this doctrine to be cast out, and deserted by its disciples in the agonies of death!

The doctrines of Buddha, from their prevalence in India, are generally known to the reading public. Buddhism is the basest kind of idolatry, and its rites are debasing and revolting. The worshipper is to infuse himself into Buddha by a constant repetition of his name, and continually thinking of him.

The Buddhists sacrifice to their ancestors, and feed the hungry ghosts. They also furnish them with clothing, and other necessities, by shaping the article required from paper, and destroying it by fire. In this manner houses, and household utensils, money, and even slaves, are remitted to such ghosts as are thought to need them.

I have only space within the limits assigned to this chapter to give a description of heaven, copied from a Buddhistic work, before I leave the subject to continue the incidents of the cruise.

“The land of Heaven—Buddha’s—is perfect gold. Its gardens and palaces are adorned with gems. They are encircled with rows of trees, and borders of net-work. There are lovely birds, of sparkling plumage and exquisite notes. The great god O-lo-han; the goddess of Mercy; the unnumbered Buddhas; the host of demigods, and the sages of heaven and earth, will all be assembled on that sacred spot. But in that sacred kingdom there are *no women*; (!) for the women who will live in that country are first changed *into men*. The inhabitants are produced from the Lotus flower, and have pure and fragrant bodies, fair and well-formed countenances, with hearts full of wisdom, and free from vexation. They are without pain or sickness, and never become old. This is the Paradise of the West; and the way to obtain it the most simple imaginable, depending on one sentence, O-me-to-fuh. Amida Buddha!”

CHAPTER IX.

Christmas and the New Year in Macão—Removal of remains of Da Cunha—The Dead give place to the Quick—Chinese manner of Fishing—A new principle in Hydraulics—Inspection of Macão Militia—An ancient Cemetery—Arrival of the new Governor, Cardoza—Under way for Manilla—Fetch up at Hong-Kong—Another Start—Island of Luconia—Bay of Manilla—Earthquake—Discovery and Settlement of the Philippines—Description of Manilla—The Calzada—A puppet-show.

CHRISTMAS was passed by me a valetudinarian at Macão, the ship having left me there, in hospital, on her passage from Hong-Kong to Whampoa.

On Christmas eve I visited the different churches, all Roman Catholic of course. They were brilliantly illuminated, and filled principally with females, who knelt upon the bare floors whilst services, suitable for the occasion, were performed. All the churches were opened, and in that of San Augustinho heard some pretty good singing by boys. The old year was allowed to pass out and the new year come in without much *eclât* at Macão, indeed they are a dull set—the Macànese, and if the Chinese had any courage they could soon dislodge them.

Upon the 2d of January the removal of the remains of ex-Governor Da Cunha, from the government house to the church of San Francisco, took place. The corpse was accom-

panied by the troops and clergy; and the dead Governor vacated in favor of a living one soon expected from Lisbon.

In my walks outside of the town, along the beach, I noticed some Chinamen fishing: their net was very extensive and staked down on the beach, to its sides were attached ropes which led to a temporary shed upon a rock, where they were fastened to an axle having treadles, which a Chinaman, by applying his feet, made revolve, and by this means elevated and depressed the net at pleasure. Saw also a new principle in hydraulics, the object to which it was applied being to fill a sluice to irrigate a vegetable garden from a reservoir, and the *modus operandi* was this: two Chinamen, standing *vis-à-vis*, held the ends of two ropes, each fastened to the upper and lower parts of a bucket, by slackening which they dipped the bucket into a well, and then by hauling in tautened it, and communicating a swinging motion to the bucket by the same process, discharged its contents into the drain.

Witnessed an inspection drill of the Macào Militia. They were out in considerable numbers, and were clothed in a neat dark green uniform, but did not appear very perfect in the manual. It struck me that these youths did not take much pride in their position as privates, especially when several of the garrison troops were looking on, and when they were dismissed, those who had no servants to carry their muskets, used them as walking-sticks on returning home.

Strolling about one afternoon, I came upon an old graveyard on the top of a barren hill, off from the Governor's road, about two miles from the Campo gate. The stones were all

flat and weather-worn; the inscriptions of many were indistinct, and would have baffled the skill of Old Mortality to decipher. Upon one I found the date 1767. None as late as the present century; some were in German, others had the English text.

This burial-place did not appear to have ever been inclosed, nor had it been used for the purpose of sepulture for nearly one century. That quaint ditty came into my head, and I naturally used its words as I looked upon these tombs:

“ Oh where are those who lived and talked
A hundred years ago ?”

And where will be those who breathe and walk one hundred years hence?

After three days hard work, the ship was got out of the Typa, and on the 29th of January (the anniversary of our departure from the United States,) got under way with the intention of steering for Manilla, but adverse winds and strong tides forced us to put into Hong-Kong, where we found it convenient to lay in additional stores.

Before we left Macào, the Portuguese corvette Don Joao Primero, had landed the new Governor, Cordoza.

On the morning of the 1st of February got under way, and stood out of the harbor of Hong-Kong—destination, Manilla.

In this month commences the Chinese new year, and our departure deprived us of an opportunity of witnessing its celebration, which is curious and worth seeing. It is perhaps the only general holiday the Chinese have: they devote it to

feasting and hilarity, drinking sam-chu, and gambling; and as the fourth commandment is not considered in their religion, it is the only period when a cessation from labor occurs among them, and they appear to make the most of it, for they dispose of any thing at a low rate for a coin, previous to its advent, and the Coolies will appropriate every thing they can lay their hands on to promote its gratification.

Made the Island of Luconia, the principal of the Philippine group, on the 5th of February, in the morning watch, and employed that day in running down its coast. Stood off and on the entrance of the Bay of Manilla that night, and early the next morning passed El Corregidor, and stood up the bay with a fair wind, coming to anchor off the town about six bells, eleven o'clock, P. M.

The Bay of Manilla is magnificent in its proportions, but there are no striking objects surrounding it as at Rio. The water is generally bold and its navigation easy, yet there is a bar, or shallow spit projecting into it about twenty miles from its mouth, upon which a brig, which had been ahead of us, struck as we came up, thus proving that there are *striking* objects *in* the bay, at least.

Upon the morning after our arrival, a "tremblor," or shock from an earthquake, was felt on shore. They said it was the most severe one sustained for many years. No damage was done that I could learn, and they do not appear to dread them much, having an outlet for these sulphureous quakers in an extensive volcano.

"The celebrated and ever loyal city of Manilla," as it is called in the most grandilquose of languages, is one of the

oldest European settlements in the East, and it has well deserved its name. It is the capital of Luconia, or Luzon, and is situated in about lat. $14^{\circ} 30'$ N. and 121° E. long.

Luconia, as I have before stated, being the principal island of the Philippines, gives this singular group a character throughout the world.

These islands were first discovered by that celebrated, but unfortunate navigator, Magellan,* in whose honor a column is erected in Manilla, who did not survive long enough to enjoy the fruits of his skill and perseverance, having been killed at the island of Matan in 1521.

After the death of Magellan, and the defeat of his expedition, two more attempts were made, which also failed. A fourth expedition, under command of Villalobos, sent by Mendoza, then Governor of New Spain, in 1542, succeeded in reaching the islands, when was given to them the name of Philippines, in honor of Philip the Second, Prince of Asturias; but Villalobos dying, it was broken up, and the few Spaniards that survived, returned home disheartened.

* Fernando Magelhaens, generally called as in the text, was the first who attempted the circumnavigation of the globe. He was a Portuguese by birth, and sailed from the port of St. Lucar, in Spain, with an expedition of five vessels, under the auspices of Charles V., on the 20th of September, 1519. But one of his vessels effected its object, the *Vitoria*, under Sebastian del Cano, which reached St. Lucar, the 6th of September, 1522, with but eighteen survivors, who made a pilgrimage barefooted to the Saints for their safe return. He gave his name to those Straits, through which he reached the East, a few years after his fellow-countryman, De Gama, had passed around the Cape of Good Hope.

It remained to Segaspi to establish permanently the Spanish power upon these islands, and in 1565 he planted successfully that flag upon Luconia, and became its first Governor. By a judicious policy the good will of its inhabitants was secured, and the successful attempts of priests in converting the credulous natives to Catholicism, cemented a conquest for Spain, the least stained of any in her sanguinary history.

In 1571 Manilla was formed into a city with a municipal government, but it was not until 1795 that its charter received the royal seal, and only in 1638 that it obtained the privileges of the other royal cities of Spain.

"The ever loyal city" is supposed to be that portion inclosed by walls, but the suburbs are most interesting to a stranger.

The semi-circular space called "Manilla," contains the dwellings of the full-fed drowsy officials, whilst surrounding it is a busy, active buzzing hive. The change from the bustle of the Binondo quarter to the dull torpor *intra murales*, strikes you at once.

Leaving the ship in one of her boats, we were pulled up the Pasig, a river which runs through the town, and connects Laguna de Bay with the Bay of Manilla, and is here between two and three hundred yards wide, protected by an extensive Mole, which projects some distance into the Bay, upon the extremity of which is a light-house.

A short distance from its entrance was the Hotel of San Fernando, situated upon its left bank, which we reached about noon, and finding the heat oppressive, gladly availed

ourselves of the protection of its roof, and the refreshment of a shower bath, which no one can appreciate more than a person who has been confined on board a man of war, with "one wide water all around" him, and but few chances to use it.

Took dinner at the hotel, and having thus refreshed and fortified the inner man, hired a "piscante" (a carriage to contain two persons), and drove, through the suburbs, out to the Calçada, to reach which, had to cross a magnificent, but ancient bridge over the Pasig.

The Calçada is the fashionable drive, and the meaning of the word is a causeway, or raised road; it extends along the walls of the city, and its centre, as well as each of its sides, is planted with fine flowering trees. A space is left between the double row of trees in the centre, in which are placed mounted guards, in showy uniforms, and mounted on splendid horses, to preserve order, and prevent collision of carriages, which are not permitted to pass out of a line, but must enter the paseo from the city at the left, and are obliged to follow each other at a slow pace and return upon the opposite side in the same order; the duty of the patrol being to see that no carriage leaves its place in the line.

This part of the road forms the chord of a semi-circle, whilst a continuation, not planted, is the segment, which turning round the walls of the city extends along the beach of the bay, giving a fine view of the shipping in the roads.

From the Calçada branch roads, leading to different points on this beautiful island, and these drives are truly magnificent.

The roads are natural, and smooth as the most carefully kept lawn, your carriage rolls along them with so even a motion, and the scenery through which you drive is of such an oriental character, and the produce so luxuriant and rare, its fragrance so sweet, that one leans back in his easy-going pishante, totally forgetful of every thing but the present enjoyment, and almost realizing the ideas of fairy land which fancy wove

“In Life’s young day.”

On the evening of our first day in Manilla, after returning from our drive, directed the “cochero” to take us to the theatre; he accordingly drove us to the Carillo quarter, and to the theatre of that name. Were admitted on the payment of two reals each, and seated ourselves, patiently awaiting the withdrawing of a curtain, upon which was delineated an uncouth figure and accompaniment, supposed to represent the “divine Apollo” and his lyre.

The building was of bamboo, and, covered with leaves from the same tree, was cool and well ventilated.

About fifty persons composed the audience, and these were principally civilized Indians of the Tagalo tribe, a fine-looking race. They were remarkably well behaved, and listened with much attention and apparent pleasure, to some most execrable music, elicited by scraping “the hair of the horse over the entrails of a cat,” to wit: fiddling! which, ceasing at last, at a given signal, up rose the curtain, and with it Apollo took flight, and ascended to the clouds. The perform-

ance commenced, and lo! we found we had been beguiled into a puppet-show!—the actors being of pasteboard, and, although managed very well, we soon tired of them, and retracing our road to the hotel, took a shower bath, and turned in.

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CHAPTER X.

Drive to the Balsa—Meaning of the word—A Mob of Women—Nora Creena—
 Magic slipper—Description of the drive—Ferryman of the Females—Decline
 the office—The Suburbs—A la Balsa—Manilla, intra murales—The Mole by
 Moonlight—Friend in a fit—Circo Olimpico—Scenes in the Circle.

UP betimes upon the morning of our second day on shore, for a drive to the Balsa. The word, in English, means pool or raft, and the road over which we drove led to a ferry over a stream, which you cross to reach the romantic village of Maraquino.

Met crowds of native women coming in from that neighborhood to commence their work at the tobacco factory. Had heard of *miles* of girls at Lowell, greeting with smiles the noble father of the system which gave them employment, the honorable and the honest Henry Clay, but had never anticipated meeting with so many of the sex, within a mile, in these latitudes.

The crowd was so great as to materially affect our progress. We had often to haul up to allow them to pass, and when our cocheró received the order "*ander*," it was coupled with the caution "*despacho*," that he might drive carefully for fear of injuring some of them.

Did not count, but suppose there could not have been less than two thousand women in this mob; but, alas! though

some were young, but few were beautiful, and, as they shuffled along, in their short jackets, and the ungainly *sciar* wrapped around their nether extremities, they made a display of charms by no means attractive. Their style of dress differing from Nora Creena's in this, that whilst her gown was

“Flowing free as mountain breezes,”

their substitute for that portion of woman's apparel appeared as if the strongest kind of a “mountain breeze” had wrapped it tightly round their forms, and continued to keep them enveloped in its Laocoon-like folds; and although “*every beauty*” was not left exactly “*free*,” yet there could be no disputing the evidence of *sinking* and *swelling* so sweetly described by the poet, as the peculiar charm exhibited in the costume of his admired Nora. They were generally barefooted, and those whose feet were clad, had them covered with that wonderful slipper, which barely covers the extremity of the foot, and is kept in its place by the adhesion of the smallest toe to its neighbor.

Getting clear, at length, of this crowd of feminines, “presto” was the word, and away we bowled along one of the most beautiful roads I have ever seen. The foliage was luxuriant, the air of the early morning cool and refreshing, and filled with fragrance. The road (a natural one) even as a bowling green.

A drive of about one hour brought us to the river. I forget its name; it is a small stream flowing into the Bay of Manilla at Cavité, where we found the float formed of bamboo, which is drawn across by *ropes* (?) made of the same mate-

rial. By this means that immense concourse of women had been transported, and great as is my devotion and subjection to their charms, should have declined the office of ferryman, after the morning's rencontre.

A sudden shower prevented our making a long stay at this romantic spot, and also interfered with a contemplated visit to a manufactory of Manilla cordage in the neighborhood.

Breakfast was awaiting our return at the hotel, at half-past nine, and this dispatched, spent some time expecting a permit to visit the "Fabrica del Tobago," in which being disappointed, made our cocher drive us through the suburbs. As I have before stated, these form the principal part of the town, and are of considerable extent, but the houses in them are generally constructed of bamboo.

There are a number built of stone, but many of them were in a dilapidated condition.

In the after part of the day drove again to the Calçada, where we spent the evening passing up and down, and occasionally slipping out of place in the line when we could escape the vigilant eye of the guard, to enable us to pass the equipage and to see the face of "some gay beauty," the exquisite shape of whose neck and shoulders had tempted us to risk fine and imprisonment for the sake of a "front view."

After a refreshing sleep, which was superinduced by a glorious shower bath, and made doubly delicious by the remembrance of the glances of the beauties of the Prado, which, like fire-flies, flitted through our dreams, started again upon the Balsa road with an intention of visiting the

“Rope factory,” from seeing which the rain deterred us yesterday.

Our command to the cochero upon his mounting, was *a la Balsa*, trusting to be able to direct him on the way, but as we depended somewhat upon the fellow's knowledge of the proper place to turn off, found ourselves again disappointed, for the confounded postillion either could not or would not find the road, and out to the ferry again he drove us, in spite of my teeth, and all the Spanish I could get through them. I rather thought he made ignorance a plea for unwillingness, until I afterwards learned that these men, the cocheros, who are a class *sui generis*, being of the Indian race, understand but little more of the Spanish language than what they pick up at hotels, in the way of their profession—their own tongue being the Tagalo, of which tribe they are generally natives. My vanity somewhat soothed by this information, after breakfasting drove within the walls of the city, and entered the “city of Manilla,” little more now than a citadel for the surrounding population. These walls are in themselves thick and massive, and cover a considerable space in their foundation, although the area which they inclose is not so great as it appears from the bay. Within them the houses are of a better style of architecture than those of the suburbs, and the streets through which I drove were well graded, even and clean; but life was wanting here, and the solitary soldier at his post was the only thing human I saw; however, my visit was not well timed, being at the hour when the Señoras are supposed to be taking their siestas, and

my object was merely to see what kind of a place it was. Upon a future occasion saw it to more advantage.

I refer to my diary, from which make the following extracts.

Monday, the eighteenth of February.—Returned on board from another trip to the shore, last night at twelve, and have seen so many sights, that I scarcely know in what manner to record them; perhaps the best plan is to detail them, seriatim.

Left the ship on Saturday morning, in the ten o'clock boat, and reaching the hotel, remained there until dinner, occupying time in reading and taking a bath. After dinner drove out to the Calçada, around it to the front of the city and the mole; walked upon the mole for an hour or more, when the moon rose. It was full and bright; never had seen such splendid moonlight. Had a sentimental friend with me, upon whom it operated powerfully. He remarked, "What a treat it would be to have by your side, in such a scene, one whom you loved, and who could love you!"

Finding the fit strong upon him, made the cochero drive off the Prado directly, and take us to the "Circo Olympico"—its opening night. Paid six reals each for admission and had our money's worth.

The performers were all Indians, excepting the proprietor, who was himself a native of *la belle France*. The horses were "*native*," if not to "*the manner born*." Nice little nags, these ponies of Manilla. The Frenchman had trained the *menage*, both Indians and horses, and promised the enlightened public a treat such as had never been offered

before. His place was well arranged, and we had tickets stamped *a la premiere lunette*—to the dress circle. In it were several very tastily dressed and rather handsome ladies—brunettes of course. The performance had commenced before we entered, and at that time the act in progress was that of jumping and turning somersets over a poor and patient quadruped of the equine species. There was no clown in “*propria persona*,” but a poor *Mestizo* supplied the place of one, for being so unfortunate as to make some awkward leaps at the commencement, and showing some concern at his failure, whenever his turn came, he was sure to be greeted with laughter and applause. The audience had elected him clown, *nem. con.*—thus proving the truth of the axiom,

“Some men have greatness thrust upon them.”

To vary the scene, the manner of leaping was changed, and two men were placed upon the beast in a reversed position, which my sentimental friend, now becoming facetious, thought very peculiar; they were soon, however, both sprawling in the tan amidst screams of laughter, having been knocked off by this bungling individual.

This over, the music commenced. Such music! During the uproar an *attaché* of the establishment appeared all bespangled, with an implement such as haymakers use in the happy harvest time, with which he described eccentric circles round the ring, stepping gingerly backwards at each swoop. At this my sentimental friend became witty, and selling himself to Josephus Millerius Senior, inquired in a whisper if that

act might not have been set down in the bills as "The Rake's Progress." Had no hopes for him now, but in a shaved head, low diet, and the *Water Cure*.

The proprietor stepped gracefully forth upon the smoothed tan to announce the grand scene—an act of riding two horses by himself, and a young lady—her first appearance in any ring! Indeed it appeared to be the *first* essay of *all* the performers.

With a grand flourish of the entire band, consisting of trombone, fiddle and drum, two small Manilla ponies made their *entrée*, accompanied by attendants enough to have borne them on bodily. Señor y Señorita followed hand in hand, and introduced themselves, in character, with a graceful bow, a modest curtsy, and the disengaged hand on his heart, on the part of the gentleman as a token for both.

The lady was assisted to mount the inside pony, when the gentleman leaped lightly upon the off one. He was at first seated, as indeed was the female performer. At a sudden burst from the band, he started from his seat, *a la cavalier*, and bounding into the air, alighted upon the backs of the horses, a leg upon each. The lady was expected to have followed this graceful action, but its effect appeared to astonish the beasts, and the off steed, as mischievous a Mustang as ever munched at a manger, suspicious of a design to make him carry double, commenced curveting, and disturbed the equilibrium of the lady considerably. Then he seemed determined upon a separation "a vinculo," and spreading out, placed the gentleman in an awkward predicament, forcing him to make a stride like a pair of compasses in measuring a

hemisphere, and stretching his tight and light-blue pantaloons to the very extent of their elasticity, a quantity of chalk from the saddle, marking the part which had come in contact with it. The disorganizing pony, after being well flogged, was forced back into his original position by his numerous attendants—*vi et armis*—and assisted in describing a semicircle, with a few deviations, when suddenly stopping at the place of entrance, he caused the gentleman to perform an involuntary back somerset, and saluted him with a shower of kicks in his descent. But the undaunted Frenchman was soon upon his legs and the pony's back again, and then commenced a combat in which all the performers joined. The horses were whipped by the attendants, and kicked, plunged, and reared on their part. The proprietor expostulated with his lady co-actor, whom he threatened and coaxed in turn, but who evidently had a strong desire to discontinue the act; and it was amusing to watch the varying expression of his countenance, as, with frowning brow, and clenched hands, and such a grimace as a Frenchman only can produce, he menaced the lady, and "the passing smile his features wore," when he turned round deprecatingly to the audience.

At last, a compromise having been effected, the horses were gotten fairly under way, and had attained considerable headway, but broaching to, the Señora was dismounted, and regaining her feet, made an exit with more speed than grace, and the performance was announced—concluded. But upon taking a peep, after the audience had retired, I saw one of the ponies, mounted by a Manilla man, running the gauntlet

of four long whips around the ring, and felt certain his rider could not have enjoyed much pleasure from the act, for every now and then he caught a lash intended for the horse, and if the other naughty pony had to come in for a like portion, expect he had another rider.

CHAPTER XI.

An early drive—Visit to Churches—The Cathedral—Description—Reflections—Church of the Binondo Quarter—The Dead Child—Baptism—Life's Entrances and Exit—Ceremony of taking the Veil—Poor Maraquita—An Episode—Don Cæsar de Bazan—Interior of the Convent—Interview with the Lady Superior—Interchange of compliments—Spanish Courtesy—An admission.

SUNDAY morning, took an early drive upon one of the beautiful roads that penetrate the interior of this fruitful island, and returned with a keen appetite for breakfast; this dispatched, drove with a party to visit the churches.

Went first within the walls to the Cathedral. Mass was over, and they were about to close the church. Had an opportunity, however, to obtain a hasty look at its interior.

It is very spacious and very grand, the roof supported by pillars about twelve feet in thickness. No galleries.

The principal altar was quite imposing, and upon it, plate of considerable value was exposed.

There are also other altars, and a number of chapels inclosed.

A full length figure of our Saviour, after His Descent from the Cross, is extended in a glass case beneath one of the altars, exciting grateful emotion for that love which caused Him to lay down His life for man, but not a proper subject, in my opinion, for exhibition.

The divine mission of Christ, its object, His self-humiliation, denials, struggles, sufferings and sacrifice, cannot be too often presented to our minds, nor too eloquently told. His Gospel cannot lose by repetition, and His life should be our grand exemplar! But the image of the Incarnate Godhead should never be associated with the waxen figure of a revolting corpse, nor should the hand of the creature, however skilful, attempt the presentment of the Great Creator. If Christ took upon Himself to become man, after He had performed His mission, and laid aside the form which He had assumed in which to perform the work of eternity, His carnal attributes should be swallowed up in the glory of His Being, and the mind should be taught to look up from the humiliation of the grave, and follow, with awe, the hand that rent the vail of the Temple in twain, up to the mercy seat, whence he ascended to plead for his murderers!

There was here an altar, on which the representation of a vine, with clusters of grapes was very elaborately cut, also a statue of an apostle, in wood, very naturally carved, and a conspicuous object.

Entered another church, outside the walls, in the Binondo Quarter. This was not so large as the Cathedral, nor as imposing, but it was crowded with worshippers, principally Indians of the Tagalo tribe. They were in every posture of devotion, telling their beads, and praying with apparent fervor. Indeed they appeared very zealous converts.

At the entrance to this church of the Binondo was exposed the corpse of a child of about seven or eight years. It was fantastically dressed and laid out upon a litter. To the

left of this "*memento mori*," which appeared to produce but little effect, were quite a number of matrons, holding very young infants in their arms, awaiting their turn for baptism; on some of these baby's heads they had placed wigs!

It was a strange sight, and one in which the entrances and the exits of the stage of life were exhibited—that dead child, flanked by those newly breathing infants!

Had been told that the ceremony of taking the veil would come off that afternoon at a convent within the city walls, but the information was received too late, for, after hastening to the house of our hospitable friends, with whom we drove at once to the convent, found the ceremony over. The vicinity of the convent was all astir, and we saw a number of ladies, and heard some good music from a fine band, which, although the airs were gay, must, we thought, have had a mournful sound in the ears of the poor renouncing soul, henceforth to be immured within those gloomy walls. But no one appeared to care for her, all was life and gayety without, one would have thought some marriage fête was being celebrated, that those joy notes sounded for the binding of the holiest and dearest tie, had he not known their melody jarred upon heart-strings rudely severed, and ties for ever broken. But she was married, yes, *married* to the church! Poor Maraquita, thy fate was melancholy, and thy story a sad one, but one too often told of the warm-eyed and passionate maidens of this "land of the sun."

She had loved, her family opposed. Her lover was beneath her in condition, yet she loved him still the dearer. In these countries, for a daughter to *think* of mating without

consent of priests and parents, is sacrilege. She was guilty of it, her proud and haughty mother had destined Maraquita to be the bride of a wealthy grandee of old Spain—had disposed of those affections, no longer in Maraquita's power to give, for they had already been transferred with all the other treasures of a young and loving heart, to the keeping of a dark-eyed youth of Manilla. He had been rudely repulsed by her parents, but often would the cautious twang of his guitar bring her to a midnight interview. These clandestine meetings were interrupted. Her dark-eyed lover no longer came, and she was told she would never see him more. A marriage with the Don was urged, she resisted—the alternative was a convent! In pity she implored a short delay, and then convinced that her lover had suffered from her cruel parents' jealousy, gave the vows of her broken heart to the church. And that music is her requiem, and his too! For after those vows had been pronounced, and the black veil had shut out hope for ever, a haggard youth was released from confinement, of whose few and ill-starred years the turbid waters of the Pasig soon washed away all trace.

Poor Maraquita! Poor Carlos! I know not whose fate the most to deplore—

“The one to end in madness,
Both in misery.”

With the narrator of this sad tale of passion and despair, I dropped a tear to their memory, thinking how truly the poet of all time has written—

“The course of true love never did run smooth.”

The foregoing was not related at the time, but afterwards, by a young Spanish gentleman, who had taken some pains to enable us to witness the ceremony. I had hardly expected to hear a serious story from his lips, for his appearance was reckless and gay, and I had associated him in my mind with the character of Don Cæsar de Bazan, as I had seen it illustrated.

He introduced us further into the convent than I would have ventured upon my own responsibility—appeared at home with all the priests towards whom his manner conveyed but little reverence—and inquiring if we had any desire to see the nuns, went up to an opening in which there was a revolving frame, and asked for the Lady Superior. The lady mother soon presented her round and not unhandsome form at a door to the right, and in choice Italian demanded our business. With much *nonchalance* Don C. expressed a desire to pay his respects to the ladies under her charge, especially to the one just admitted. His coolness somewhat disconcerted the supreme lady Abbess, to whom such a request had never before been preferred, I warrant, and her black eyes sparkled with scarcely a *holy* fire, as she answered this time in Spanish, and in the tone of dignity which that language can convey so well, “That the nuns were in their place, and the new one did not receive company, especially that of such gay cavaliers,” and intimated that in attending to their duties they set an example which would be well followed by those cavaliers.

Don Cæsar, his *sang froid* still retaining its temperature, with the grave courtesy of a true Spaniard, bowing almost to

the floor, told her, "Heaven was the proper place for angels such as her noble self and her illustrious daughters," and wishing the whole family a pleasant journey thither, commended them to God. "Adios!" and the door was closed a little hastily.

After this interchange of compliments, Don Cæsar took us to his father's house, within the walls near the convent, where he gave us introductions to his sisters, cousins, and other ladies, all under the excitement of the event of the day.

The old gentleman placed, with the usual Spanish compliment, his house, and all that it contained in our hands. And when I state, that like Jephtha, he "had a daughter who was passing fair," my sensations can be imagined, and it may be understood how small a portion of the "Casa," with this appurtenance, would have satisfied me.

CHAPTER XII.

Fabrico del Tobago—Manufacture of the Cheroot—Description of the process—Female Operatives—Gigantic effects—Midshipman attacked—A delightful Evening—Boat ahoy—Disappointed in trip to Lagunade Bay—Funcion Familia—Madame Theodore—The Calçada again—Margarita—Teatro Binondo—Teatro Tagalo de Tondo—Espana—Anecdote of an Englishman—Farewell to Manilla—Out to Sea.

THE greatest curiosity of Manilla is its Tobacco Manufactory, or rather the Segar Factory, for it is only into segars that the tobacco is made here. It is a government monopoly, and the revenue from it is very great.

I forget the number of segars said to be made daily, but there are between eight and nine thousand women employed solely for that purpose, and giving the small average of twelve segars to each, there would be over one hundred thousand produced per diem; and yet the government is unable to meet the demand for them, having, as I learned, orders months ahead.

The article manufactured is called the Cheroot, and is made in two different styles—one called *Cortada*, from having both ends cut; the other, Havana, being twisted at one end like the Cuban segar. They have but lately commenced to make them in this fashion, and these are put up principally for the California market, where doubtless they are disposed of as the real Habana,

Cheroots, in any shape, are worth in Manilla about eight dollars per M., subject, I believe, to a small export duty, which more than covers the expense for boxes, labels, and packing, so that supposing each woman to make the number stated above, and the whole force to be employed, we have the immense sum of eight hundred thousand dollars worth of segars from this mammoth Tobaccary per diem. Each operative receives one real a day, but there are others not enumerated in this class, such as male laborers, overseers, inspectors, accountants, book-keepers, &c., who receive from twelve to thirty dollars per mensem, so that two thousand dollars daily is not a large estimate of wages paid out by this establishment.

The interior is divided into sections, of which there are nine or ten. In each section from eight hundred to one thousand women are engaged. At the head of each sectional division are rooms for inspection, where are stationed persons to examine the segars, who return those which do not come up to a certain standard. Of those that pass the test a sample is placed, after being marked and numbered, in a glass case suspended in the apartment.

Every morning a certain quantity of tobacco is given to each person, and water is measured out sufficient to dampen it. The operatives are held accountable for the material. Out of the number of hanks of the leaf so many segars are to be produced, and if the water is used for any other than the specified purpose, no more can be procured. They are said to resort to many ingenious expedients to eke out the allowance. From eight to ten women are employed together,

squatted at a low table; and there are double rows of these tables, leaving a space to pass through the centre of the room. At each table the entire process of making the cheroot is performed. The leaf is untwisted from the form into which it is fashioned by the grower, spread out and dampened. For the purpose of flattening these leaves they are supplied with stones, with which, and their tongues, an incessant and most infernal clatter is kept up. One of the party selects and arranges the tobacco, another fills the segar and hands it to her neighbor, who rolls it into shape and passes it to the next person, who cuts it, and it is thus quickly transferred from hand to hand, until the care-dispelling cheroot is perfected and prepared for inspection. As each is completed, it is dropped into a basket placed at the end of the table nearest the passage way, from which the cheroots are taken and tied up into bundles. The Cortada into bunches of ten. The Havanas always in bundles of twenty-five.

The factory, as may be supposed, is very extensive, and covers a considerable area. The delineations of it upon the Manilla segar boxes, though rude, are tolerably good illustrations, and will convey some idea of the appearance of the building externally. But a visit within its walls is necessary to a realization of its importance.

I am ignorant of the name and title of the Narcotian saint who has the honor to preside over these operations, but they have images of several stuck up in niches at the entrance to the different sections; and if the sense of smelling in their originals, be equal to that of *hearing*, which has been attributed to them, there floats about them sufficient of the

aroma of tobacco to gratify the nostrils of the most inveterate snuff-taker that ever was canonized.

My companion on this visit was the young gentleman who slid into the sentimentals, as I have recorded, upon the moonlighted mole. He was born and *raised* (as they say) in the West; nor did he discredit his *raising*, being in the proportion of every thing native to that extensive country, and six feet three or four inches in height. It was amusing to notice the sensation he created as he strode through the different apartments. As he approached, the clatter of both tongues and stones ceased, and hundreds of eyes would be upraised to scan his towering proportions. They have pretty black eyes, those Tagalo girls, and exuberant crops of jet black hair too; but it is coarse, and freely anointed with that pungent unguent, cocoanut oil! "Mira! El Gigantè!" would be ejaculated in Spanish, whilst no less sonorous notes of admiration would be issued in the Tagalo-dialect.

Two Spanish soldiers accompanied us as a guard, and I doubt not but that their presence prevented these unsophisticated damsels from laying violent hands upon my virtuous friend. Indeed, I was told of an English midshipman, who, with the usual assurance of his order, disdaining the protection of a soldier, ventured alone into the midst of the female Indian army, which, relying upon its numerical strength, and either prompted by curiosity, or feeling inclined to resent such bold intrusion, surrounded him and handled him so roughly, that he was obliged to "ignominiously cry for quarter;" and was only released after the loss of his uniform jacket and some other articles of male attire. Of course,

we witnessed no demonstration of this kind, and I do not vouch for the truth of the "yarn"—telling it only "as 'twas told to me."

From the segar factory to the bath, which, with a change of garments, found necessary to remove the taint of tobacco obtained by remaining so long amidst such quantities of it. Then a siesta, and after drove to dine with our kind friends who procured permits for our admission to the "Fabrica del Tobago." After dinner to spend the evening with a Spanish family related to our mercurial friend, Don Cæsar de Bazan. Had dancing, polkas and mazourkas being especial favorites; singing also, and music from *La Norma* and *Sonnambula*, exquisitely performed. At eleven o'clock were forced to tear ourselves away from as delightful a party as it had been our lot to enjoy since we had left our native land, and pulling off in a rocking banca to exchange the soft and liquid notes of beautiful Señoras, for the gruff salute of the sentry.

Had been strongly pressed to make one of a party to Laguna de Bay, but coming on shore found the day for our departure fixed, and as the party could not be expected to return by that time, were reluctantly compelled to decline.

Found, however, invitations awaiting us for a "Funcion Familia" that evening, which accepted. Determining to make the most of the time that remained, procured a "piscanté" and drove through the suburbs. In the "Escolta"—principal street—found the establishment of Madame Theodore, a fine-looking Mestizo woman, who sells peña dresses, etc., and has a splendid assortment. She is said to be very wealthy, and though still young—a widow, and is doing

a very large business. Of course she has plenty of suitors, and is a *match* for them all ; for she appears to have attained perfection in the art of managing men. Should a college of women ever want a professor, she deserves a degree of Mistress of Arts, and would admirably fill the Chair of Coquetry.

Dined again with our kind friends, and then took a last drive upon the Calçada. Backwards and forwards along this beautiful *paseo* we went, the moon lending her enchantment, and the different bands filling the air with ravishing strains, odorous plants of the tropics lading it with perfumes, and the dark-eyed Señoras reclining in their luxurious calesas, gave as good an idea of a paradise of Mahomet's order as one could wish. Lingered here as long as we could, and then off to the "Funcion," where spent a delightful evening. This was a family dancing party, such as the French describe by the words "*Soirée dansante*." At it met several of the ladies we had seen on Sunday, after poor Maraquita had taken the veil. Were very kindly received, and warmly greeted by the sunny smile and speaking eyes of Señora Margarita. The ladies danced with much grace, and entered into the spirit of the thing as if they enjoyed it. They were in different costumes, and saw here the only graceful exhibition of the *Jaceto* and *Sciar*. Many of them had no covering to their beautiful little feet, excepting that magical slipper named before, which they managed to admiration, never allowing it to lose its position, or to touch the floor at any other part but the toe, to which it adhered with singular te-

nacity, through the most difficult steps of the whirling waltz or puzzling polka.

The lovely daughter of the Don—Margarita, however, was dressed in the latest Parisian fashion, and looked like an—angel, I was going to write, but the recollection of that “lurking devil” in her eye stayed the perjury of my pen. She looked a real bona fide woman, and a specimen of the race I shall be well enough satisfied with, until I am assured beyond a doubt that angels *are* feminine, of which there is no proof in either sacred or profane history (all the illustrations I have ever seen proving the contrary)—and I can get as close to them as I was to Señora Margarita.

February 22d.—Birthday of the immortal Washington. The day appointed for sailing was fast approaching, and had to make all speed to get through various engagements in Manilla. Having been informed that an opera would be performed on our last evening, and opera being a special delight, went ashore for the purpose of attending, but on arriving at the theatre found the opera had been postponed on account of the *primo tenore* being afflicted with “boils.” Had often known *broils* to have been the cause of disappointment to the lovers of “Ernani” and other rapturous representative music, but here the *artiste* had gotten hot blood into him, instead of getting into hot water; and thinking of the patient man of Uz, I sympathized with him; for, *par parenthèse*, these eruptions of the skin are exceedingly sore in this climate, as you may find out if you but come to the East Indies and eat mangoes.

A comedy had been substituted, called *El lindo Diego*,

the part of which we saw was well performed. A disagreeable feature, however, was in the position of the prompter, who was placed in the centre of the footlights, and kept up a continuous recitation of the play in a monotonous tone, which greatly marred the effect.

The *Teatro Binondo*, where I saw this, is a very comfortable place, with good accommodations, splendid box for the Governor, fine airy saloons, and extensive verandahs. The price for admission was moderate—sixty-two and a half cents in United States currency.

Adjourned, after witnessing a dance between the acts, with castanets, to another place of amusement, the *Teatro Tagalo de Tonda* (where the performance was in the Indian tongue), which is of a less imposing style, but where they get along very well.

After stopping here a short time, drove with Don Cæsar to his residence in the country, about three miles; and in both going and returning were hailed every square by a sentry, who will permit no one to pass without a response. The watchword that night was *España*, which I was compelled to repeat so often that I heartily wished them all *in Spain*, and felt very much inclined to send them all thither, or to some other warm climate, but that Don C. cautioned me not to trifle with these punctilious privates: as on one occasion an Englishman, annoyed as I had been, having answered the fiftieth hail disrespectfully, in his own language, was marched off to the Calaboose, where he was detained all night, and only released the next morning upon the payment of a heavy fine, with the hint that the next time he insulted a Spanish

soldier, it would be better to use some language he did not understand. I, however, got back safely to the "San Fernando," calling out continually, *Presto*, to the cochero, and *España*, to the sentries, and turned in. Next morning settled up accounts, and found the item for carriage hire considerable, averaging three dollars a day! Bidding adieu to Manilla, embarked in a banca—Manilla boat—and came on board ship.

At meridian a salute was fired in honor of the day, the smoke from which had hardly cleared away before the anchor was tripped, and with studding-sails set, we were standing down the bay, with a fine leading wind. Passed the island of Corregidor, at its entrance, about sunset; and before midnight had made some fifty miles of an offing.

CHAPTER XIII.

Anchor in Harbor of Hong-Kong—Hastings and Herald both off—Advantage of Newspapers—A First-rate notice—The Press of Victoria—The Friend of China—Its pugnacity—Advertising Sheets—Description of Island—Rain—Character of Chinese Inhabitants.

OUR passage to Hong-Kong was unmarked by any incident worthy of especial notice; and we reached that harbor safely upon the second of March, and came to anchor. Found every thing in about the same condition as when we left, and a large fleet of merchantmen in port; but missed the “Hastings” from her moorings, as also the “Herald.” They both had sailed during our absence: the Hastings’ to be roasted by the hot sun of Bombay; the Herald’s to a warm greeting in their native isle.

.Missed the officers of these vessels very much; for a kindly feeling had sprung up amongst us, and interchanges of courtesies had made us friends. But thus it is in this roving life; and it may be best that the acquaintance thus stumbled upon remains but long enough to please, and is gone before the gloss of novelty is rubbed off,—before familiarity deadens or destroys its first impression.

There is one thing connected with this colony which adds greatly to its interest to a person coming from a country

where "the art preservative of all arts" sends the rays of knowledge throughout the entire length and breadth, to all classes and conditions, illuminating as well the squatter's hut, as the patrician's hall. I allude to the existence of newspapers. Only a person who has been accustomed to them, as we are in the United States, can appreciate the deprivation of this mental food, when placed beyond its reach, on a foreign station like this, where a paper some three months after its publication is seized upon with the greatest delight; and news, which at home has long lost its name, is devoured with avidity, and discussed as a dainty. How true is it, that we can only appreciate our blessings by their loss. Why, with all the arts lending their aid; with steam, with electricity, with the painter's skill, condensed by the most powerful intellects; with midnight toil, and daily effort to produce that "map of busy life," which is diurnally, almost hourly, spread out before us, and for a consideration, too, which in many instances is not equivalent to the cost of the material upon which it is sketched: with the lightning harmlessly conducting along the pliant wire, stretched from one end of the continent to the other, thoughts which have annihilated time: with another element, which has nearly obliterated space, they are spread over its face; and by another application of the same magic power are wafted hundreds and hundreds of miles, and thrown upon your lap, damp and reeking, ere yet the process has had time to dry. If Faust was supposed to have been assisted by the Evil One, what would his persecutors have said, had they been shown a picture like this? What would they have said? Why, that even Satan him-

self possessed not such power, and denied that to the devil, which is now accomplished by a poor *devil* of a printer! And yet how often do we throw aside the teeming sheet, placed as regularly before us as our breakfast, and declaring it indifferent, petulantly begrudge its publisher the poor penny of its price. Let the grumbler be stationed in these Chinese waters for two years and upwards, and when he has been deprived a greater part of that time of the "Sun," that awaited his pleasure to shine, the "Herald," ushering in the morn at his bidding, the "Times," that never grew old, and the "News," expressly awaiting his perusal,—let him, I say, after perusing papers that have reached him in March, '51, bearing the date of the past Christmas, pick up a paper out here, even if it be a colonial one, upon the day of its publication, and he will sing, *Io Triumphe*, as I did.

There are two newspapers printed in Victoria (Hong-Kong), and both of these, I believe, are bi-weekly. One is called the "Friend of China, and Hong-Kong Gazette;" the other, "The China Mail." The latter is the government organ, and has the colonial printing. The former is independent, and slashes away right and left, sparing neither friend nor foe, and its columns are always open to complaining correspondents. Sir Geo. Bonham, the Governor, often got severely handled; and either because the government laid itself open to attack, or the editor had some cause for pique, it appeared to be continually "pitching into" it. Its articles were bold and forcibly expressed, and from their tenor would suppose it exposed itself to prosecution for libel, but understood it had steered clear of the Courts that far. Its editor

shows a great deal of industry and perseverance in its management. His Marine List is full and complete. Not only does he give the arrivals and departures of shipping at Hong-Kong, but at all the other ports in China waters ; also a full and corrected list of all vessels at Whampoa, Shanghae, and Macão, and publishes all the information that can be obtained of the extensive commerce of this part of the East, such as statistics of imports and exports, &c., &c. His is the ungracious task to reform abuses ; perhaps, like Hamlet, he thinks “the times are out of joint,” and he “was born to set them right.” Or it may be that he is influenced by the same motive as the Irishman, who, upon the eve of a presidential election in the United States, was asked to cast his vote for the party which aspired to place their candidate upon the chair, after ousting the incumbent. Pat’s first inquiry was, if it was *against* the government they wanted him to vote ; and being told it was, assented, upon the principle that he always went against the government.

In addition to these there are several advertising sheets, which are distributed *gratis*, and exhibit the extensive trade carried on by the merchants of the colony and Canton. Even these are interesting, proving, as they do, the indomitable perseverance of the race, and bringing up pleasant remembrances by their familiar diction.

The island of Hong-Kong, the original word in the Chinese is Hoong-Keang, which means “Red Harbor,” is in about lat. $22^{\circ} 17' 00''$ North, long. 114° East, and is one of the Ladrões, a group of rocky islands which dot this part of Canton Bay. In length it is about eight miles, its greatest

breadth not more than four, and it is separated from the mainland by an arm of the sea, called the Lyemoon Passage, in which are several smaller islands, which vary its width, and make admirable hiding places for the pirates, whose existence has given to this Archipelago its distinctive title of Ladrone. In fact the Strait is named after a celebrated pirate who once commanded there.

Upon the northern side of this island of Hong-Kong, is the settlement called Victoria, which, as I have before stated, is generally known by the name of the island, and a reference to it is made in a former page.

This island is mountainous, but contains many extensive valleys—none very remarkable for fertility.

The mountains are formed of a species of granite, the greater part of which is of a crumbling nature, and through them runs a stratum of a red sandy formation, which, I suppose, geologists would call "pœcilitic." There are occasionally to be found solid boulders of this material, which has been used for building. But it is to be remarked that the granite found in that state is generally detached from the larger masses, which appear to be in a state of decomposition, the particles from which, washed down by the heavy summer rains, are said to add greatly to the fatality occasioned by the decimating properties of an Indian sun.

That old lady who asserted that "it never rains but it pours," would have been furnished with corroborative proofs had she witnessed some of the pluvial exhibitions at Hong-Kong. It really does pour on such occasions there. Talk of the deluge, when the windows of heaven were said to

have been opened! Why if that venerable dame could have seen the descent of these torrents, she would have thought that all obstructing barriers of the blue empyrean had been removed, and the surcharged clouds suddenly overturned, and have come to the conclusion that forty days of such outpouring would leave no resting-place, even upon the lofty peak of Victoria mountain.

They call the period from June to October the rainy season, but I have witnessed extensive showers in nearly all the intermediate months. These are sudden and overwhelming. Instances are related of Coolies having been caught in currents rushing down the mountain, and drowned without the possibility of assistance.

In the years 1845 and '6, from July to January, within a period of six months, *ten feet of rain* was measured by an ombrometer, having fallen at Hong-Kong.

The island came into possession of Great Britain in 1842 by cession, but had been occupied on the 26th of January of the previous year, in consequence of a treaty which was afterwards rejected by the Emperor. Great inducements were held out to Chinese to settle in Victoria by the British government. They were guaranteed all their rights and privileges, and allowed freedom in their religious rites, and permitted to follow their own customs. These inducements, however, appeared to have but little effect upon the Chinese. They distrusted the "outside barbarians," and it was to the interest of the Mandarins to prevent emigration to the new settlement. At present much of the distrust has worn away, and many have taken advantage of the opening made by

thriving trade; still it must be admitted that the majority of Chinamen to be found in Hong-Kong, are of the nature of those patriots who leave "their country for their country's good," and the numbers seen in the chain gangs, show the manner in which they best serve the State.

CHAPTER XIV.

Hong-Kong—Object of its Settlement—Its service as an Opium Dépôt—Views of the Opium Trade—Its History—Considered the cause and object of the War—Treaty of Nankin—Opium Trade fixed on China.

THE principal advantage possessed by Hong-Kong—I shall designate the settlement henceforth by the name assigned to it by common consent—is the facility its position affords for carrying on the trade in opium, which deleterious drug will continue to be introduced into China, in spite of the strongest imperial edicts, and the severest denouncements of punishment against its consumers, so infatuated are its users, and so governed by the spirit of avarice its introducers.

After the celebrated destruction of all he could get possession of, by Commissioner Lin, in June, 1839, which operated somewhat like the Frenchman's revenge upon the bank, in destroying the bill for which he had been refused specie, not only having to be paid for by the Chinese, after an expensive war, but causing other imports of the drug to supply its place; the English, naturally seeking a safe and suitable spot for a dépôt, arranged so as to make its cession an article in a treaty with High Commissioner Keshen, in January, 1841, which, although it was abrogated, and hos-

tilities resumed, made but little difference in the destinies of Hong-Kong, for it is well known that wherever that nation plants its foot, the marks of it are not easily obliterated. There can be little doubt but that this was what gave the barren island more importance in their eyes, than the more healthy and fertile Chousan.

The cession made, their great desire to procure an emigration of Chinese to this point, proved a wish for consumers and distributors, and the stationing at once of receiving ships in the Red Harbor, disclosed their object.

In answer to orders, from Bombay and Calcutta came numerous vessels which here deposited their poisonous cargoes, and returning for another freight, left it to be distributed by swift-sailing and armed clippers, throughout the dominions of an empire whose laws they had signed a solemn compact to respect, which laws made its delivery contraband.

“But,” will exclaim some, “these were not the acts of the British Government. The crown lends no aid to such a traffic.” Indeed! then let us say that it is the act of the people of a colony under the fostering care of that crown, with the representative of the Queen directing its affairs. To his lordship’s knowledge, I will not say to his profit, but certainly to the pecuniary benefit of the colony, and against the most repeated protests of the Chinese Government are these imports and exports allowed and countenanced, until even good men of their own kind have called out in their midst—*proh pudor!*

“Have not the colonists a right to import a drug, which

is legally an article of import, allowed by the crown?" No! not for the avowed purpose of distributing it amongst a people, whose government protests against its introduction; for no opium dealer will pretend to assert that it is for consumption by the inhabitants of Hong-Kong, or foreign residents of Canton, but must admit that it is brought expressly for transshipment to the coasts of China, at no port of which would it be admitted upon the payment of any duty; in fact, it is contraband! As good a right has the Frenchman to land his Bordeaux brandy upon a part of the English coast, to evade the customs. Aye! if you come to that, a better right; for upon the payment of a duty its admission is not denied; but this article is considered so baneful to China, that no premium is thought equivalent to the injury sustained by its introduction.

The argument advanced by interested persons, that supposing they did not prosecute the trade, others would reap its advantages, bears its fallacy upon its face. For it is not permitted to us to profit by doing evil, for the reason that the possibility of performing the wicked act is in the hands of others.

The first opium known in China was grown in small quantities in one of its own provinces, that of Yunnan, which was used medicinally. It belonged to the East India Company first to introduce it into the empire as a luxury; for we have an account of the importation of a number of chests in one of its vessels from Bengal in 1773. Shortly after other English merchants entered in the trade, and two vessels were stationed as receiving ships, near Macão. By degrees these

opium dépôts were extended to Whampoa, Lintin, Cap-sing-Moon, and other suitable places, until its consumption began to attract the notice of the Chinese government; and in the year 1800 its importation was prohibited by a special Imperial edict, and measures were taken to prevent its use throughout the provinces. But the habit had become too strong to be controlled, and its consumption increased, despite the severest penalties. Death, transportation, confiscation of property, could not deter those upon whom the sight of its daily operations had no effect; and the immense profits realized in the sale caused those engaged in the traffic to incur all risks.

From the southern, it spread to the northern and eastern coasts. Receiving vessels were stationed at Amoy, Fuh-Choo, Namoa, and Woosung, with fast clippers to supply them from the principal dépôt at Hong-Kong; and opium was smuggled almost within the precincts of the Imperial Palace.

The government did all in its power to prevent its introduction and sale, but its efforts were fruitless, until Commissioner Lin was sent to Canton, empowered by the Emperor himself. By prompt and vigorous measures, he succeeded in obtaining possession of two thousand two hundred and eighty-three chests, which he publicly destroyed, and which act was the cause of the rupture between England and China, justly called the Opium War. This war was continued with much success by the English, and a great deal of intriguing on the part of the Chinese, until, on the twenty-ninth of August, 1842, after the British forces had possessed themselves of nearly all the important towns on the coast,

and penetrated the Chinese empire as far as Nankin, a treaty was concluded between the two nations on board H. B. M. ship Cornwallis, which was to take effect from that date, after being signed and sealed by the Plenipotentiaries of the respective parties. By this treaty, five ports in China were to be opened to British subjects for residence and trade. These are Canton, Amoy, Fuh-Choo, Ning-po, and Shanghai: six millions of dollars paid as the value of the opium destroyed by Lin: the system of Co-Hong abolished, and three millions paid for losses by the Hong merchants to British subjects; twelve millions to defray the expenses of the war; and the island of Hong-Kong ceded for ever to the British government. By the cession of this island, all future attempts of the Chinese government to prevent the introduction of opium are frustrated. Previously, those who dealt in this article were confined to the insecure dépôt of a receiving vessel, liable to attack, fire, and wreck. Now they possess an island capable of a strong defence, where the opium can be imported in any quantity, under the protection of the English flag, and from whence it can be exported at leisure to any point in China. Certainly, by the acquisition of Hong-Kong the British have secured this trade; and henceforth the "flowing poison" must spread from hence over the length and breadth of the "Central Flowery Land," unless the Celestials, with one consent, should abandon its use,—a thing almost impossible to a people once brought under its influence.

It has been urged by Chinese of much shrewdness, that its importation as a drug should be allowed under a

heavy duty, and that the government thus secure a profit from the evil; but a former Emperor declared he could never receive a revenue from the misery of his people, and the present government still perseveringly opposes its use.

CHAPTER XV.

Trip to Macào—Disappointed in getting ashore—Mail arrived—Get no Letters—Expression of Sentiments—Causes and Effects—Overland Mail—Idea of a Route—Happy Valley—Chase of Pirates—*A Poisson d'Avril*—Into the Typa again—Arrival of Consort—Late Dates—Catholic Fête—Depart for Shanghai—The Yang-tse-Kiang—Improvement in the appearance of the Country—Better race of Men—Banks of the Woo-sung.

TOOK a trip over to Macào, for a supply of provisions, our dépôt being there, and having these on board, back again to Hong-Kong. Did not get ashore at Macào, which was somewhat of a disappointment, as I had some kind friends there whom I wished much to see, and from whom the cruise to Manilla had made the separation longer than usual.

Upon the eighteenth of March the Mail Steamer came into Hong-Kong, with the overland mail. I had been anxiously expecting its arrival, with letters for myself, but was disappointed, and gave expression to my feelings in this wise :

No news fom home ! My weary heart
 Beats sadly in its prison cage,
 And 'gainst its bars, with bound and start,
 A wearing, useless war doth wage.
 Alone, alone ! Its feeble song
 Finds no responsive, answering tone ;

And it hath sung in silence long,
And long, alas ! may sing alone.
Oh, for a sound across the main,
A note affection knows so well ;
That it might dream of heaven again,
That peace again with it might dwell ;
And joy delayed, at last may come,
In cheerful, happy news from home.

After this felt somewhat relieved ; for the mind is like the body, and mental, as well as physical suffering, must have vent. A twinge of a tooth brings forth a groan ; a twitch of the heart-strings produces poetry in me : have only to hope the poetry may not have the effect of the toothache upon the reader.

The overland mail is brought across the desert by the Isthmus of Suez, and reaches Hong-Kong in about forty-five days from England, and brings dates from the United States in from 60 to 70 days, depending upon the junction of the Atlantic steamers. Letters by it can either be sent via Southampton, England, or Marseilles, France ; the latter is considered the swiftest route, the former the most secure.

Monsoons in the China Sea affect its transit on that end of the line, and letters have been known to have reached Hong-Kong from New-York during a favorable monsoon within 60 days.

Since the acquisition of California, our government possesses a much speedier route, and would find it greatly to her interest to establish a line by any of the overland routes across the Isthmus of Darien, and from thence by steam to Shanghai, or even Hong-Kong in China ; and I do not despair of

seeing the time when letters will be delivered in these ports within forty days, from the Atlantic cities. Our growing interests in this section of the globe demand attention and some arrangement of this kind.

Remained moored in the harbor of Hong-Kong until the second day of April, visiting the town occasionally, and strolling over the hills for exercise.

They have some very fine roads for drives, cut at a considerable expense through hills and boulders of granite. The "Victoria Road" leads out, about four miles to a place called East Point, and upon it, about two miles from the town, is a fine race-course. This course has been gotten up by subscription, and is situated in a large and beautiful valley, called "Happy Valley." It is well named, if beauty can confer happiness, and it certainly is a principal ingredient, for has not a poet said

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Here are held periodical races, and the sport is much enjoyed, as it always is by Englishmen. No climate is too hot, none too cold to prevent it, and these trials of speed are characteristic of the nation. The Spaniard will have his bullfight, the Mexican pits his cocks, but John Bull selects the noblest of quadrupeds, and infuses into him his own emulation for superiority.

Upon the evening of the 31st of March, had a little excitement to destroy the monotony of a life on shipboard. A report was circulated that a band of pirates had smuggled

themselves on board the P. & O. Company's steamer "Hong-Kong," which had left that day for Canton.

These boats are in the habit of taking Chinese passengers at one dollar a head, a very low rate, and as such, it was said a number of desperadoes, armed, had embarked in her.

H. B. M. screw propeller "Reynard," immediately got up steam, thirty men and officers from our ship were transferred to the little American steamer "Spark," and both vessels started in hot pursuit.

The Reynard stopped at the Bogue, and her boats proceeded to scour those waters, whilst the Spark proceeded up the Canton river. She had not far to go, however, for about midnight the return steamer was hailed, which reported having passed the "Hong-Kong," all right. So both vessels returned to Hong-Kong, upon the morning of the first of April.

But although the coincidence was ominous, they could not truly be said to have caught a "*poisson d'avril*," for there was doubtless a design against the steamer, which had on board a large amount of treasure, and some of these Chinamen were afterwards tried and condemned at Hong-Kong, for the attempt. Want of unanimity or some other cause having defeated their purpose.

Upon the second of April, left for Macào, there to await the arrival of our consort. Tried to get into our old anchorage in the Typa, and stuck upon the mud-bank again, where we remained until the fourth morning, kedging, hauling and warping, when succeeded in getting afloat by pumping out the water, and transferring shot, &c., into a lorcha. After

reaching the anchorage, hoisted the Portuguese flag, and fired a salute of 21 guns in honor of the birthday of the Queen of Portugal.

Upon the 8th instant, our consort arrived, and anchored in the outer roads; by her I received old newspapers, and a letter seven months and seventeen days after date.

Had been ashore several times in Macão, but found little to interest me until the evening before Good Friday, when there was a general turn out of the inhabitants, and all the churches were brilliantly illuminated, and the altars decked with flowers. Crowds went from one church to the next, and the principal object appeared to be that of visiting each and every church, a continuous stream being kept up between them.

Upon Good Friday the tragedy of the death of our Saviour was performed at the cathedral. After the crucifixion, the body was removed from the cross, and carried upon a bier, through the different streets in solemn procession. First came the host with its usual attendants, then followed the "accursed tree" with the bloody garment of Christ upon it. After it came ten beautiful children, personating angels; then was borne a waxen image to represent the corpse, followed by the virgin mother, and immediately succeeding the two other Marys. The bishop and suite were next, then the troops of the garrison, with arms reversed, and mournful music; the rear being brought up by male citizens in mourning dresses and heads uncovered. In this line of march the procession moved through the principal streets, and back to the cathedral, where the body was placed in the tomb with solemn ceremony.

On the first day of the week the resurrection was celebrated with appropriate joyful demonstration. At night, maskers went about the streets, stopping at intervals to have a dance, and entering houses, where after going through a performance, they would partake of refreshments.

Left Macão for Shanghai on the 25th of April, to beat up the China Sea against a strong N. E. monsoon. In this passage our craft behaved remarkably well, and although quite wet, held her own, and diligently ploughed her way through all difficulties, amongst not the least obstructing was a heavy head sea, which made her very uncomfortable, also greatly impeded her progress.

Made the islands off the mouth of the Yang-tse-Kiang on the 12th of May, and came to anchor in the river that night. Found the current very strong, and the wind being ahead, had to await a change of tide.

Weighed anchor with the first setting in of the flood, and got about eight miles up the river, when had to let it go again. Thus we continued until the 14th, when had worked our way into the Woo-Sung or Shanghai river, where, although the breeze was favorable, the water shoaled so suddenly, that we were forced to come to, just above the village of Woo-Sung. The Woo-Sung river empties into the Yang-tse-Kiang about 40 miles from its confluence with the ocean, and the city of Shanghai is situated upon the Woo-Sung, about three leagues above its junction with the Yang-tse-Kiang, which is one of the largest rivers in China, and washes the walls of the city of Nankin, formerly the southern capital of the Empire.

Nankin is laid down in latitude $32^{\circ} 5' N.$, longitude $119^{\circ} E.$, and is about 50 leagues from the ocean.

The meaning of the words Yang-tse-Kiang, is, Child of the Ocean, or more literally, "Son of the Sea;" it is about two thousand five hundred miles in length, and its breadth and capacity entitle it to the classification of the third river of the world.*

As we ascended the Woo-Sung, found a marked difference in the face of the country. Our former stations in China had been amongst the rocky hills of the southern Archipelago, which scarcely allowed the smallest shrub to take root upon their barren sides, and the sight of trees had become rare to us. But here, upon either side, was stretched out a beautiful green plain, giving evidence of the most industrious cultivation, protected from encroachments of the river by strong and broad levees. Substantial, comfortable farm-houses meeting the eye in every direction, supplied the places of the insecure huts of the fishermen. Fruit trees were abundant, and the general aspect gave evidence of a genial soil, aiding the efforts of the provident husbandman.

The men, too, whom we could see at work beyond the embankments, were of a larger stature, and had a more healthy appearance than their southern brethren. Their complexions were of a lighter hue, and here, for the first time, I saw a Chinaman with rosy cheeks.

* An English tourist, who found himself upon the Yang-tse-Kiang, compared it with the Thames, admitting its superiority. I, as a Yankee, compare it with my own Mississippi; and place it next in rank to the "Father of waters," to which stream it bears some resemblance.

The invigorating effects of a northern climate were fully proven in the appearance of these people. They seemed to enjoy the roughest health, and were free from that care-worn look of the Chinese about Canton. They were clad more entirely than these also, and wore more of woollen in the material of their garments. Chow-chow appeared more abundant, and the children were the fattest little rascals I have ever seen. But I cannot commend them for cleanliness, and must admit that their countrymen nearer the sea make a better use of that cleansing element,—possibly because it was spread before them in larger quantities.

It was in the spring-time, in the “merrie month of May,” when we approached Shanghae; every thing was in bloom. There had been the usual spring rains, and the weather had settled down to that delightful temperature, which has such a cheering effect upon the spirits. And as we dodged the tides in the winding Woo-Sung, spots would be descried which brought to mind some similar scenes at home: these would be pointed out. Another would find a resemblance in some grove, plantation, or clump of trees; and thus its banks were made sacred, and our Lares and Penates jostled the household gods that presided there.

CHAPTER XVI.

Shanghai—Immense number of Junks—Foreign Residences—Novelty of Chimneys—Revolting appearance of Beggars—Undertakers—Price of Coffins—Decline Trading—Description of City—Stagnant Pools—Tea Gardens—Sweet Site—The Taoutae—Advantages of Shanghai—Departure—Ship Ashore!—Sensation.

SHANGHAI is situated in about $30^{\circ} 26'$ N. latitude ; longitude $120^{\circ} 48'$ East. Reached it on the 16th of May, and came to anchor about one mile below its walls, off the dwellings of the foreign residents. As we approached, were struck with the appearance of a forest of masts, belonging to junks in front of the city ; in fact, these were all we could see, as they completely shut out a view of the city from our position.

Although suffering from sickness, could not resist the desire to get on shore, and accordingly landed amongst the residents' houses the first opportunity. These are built entirely in the European style, and some of them present a fine appearance. The climate in the winter season compelling the use of fire, they are all provided with chimneys, which was a feature remarkable at once, it being unusual on the southern coast. From these houses, as you approach the city, you enter upon a scene of filth and dirt indescribable, and have to pass through a line of beggars, who exhibit the

most loathsome and revolting sores, to excite the pity of the passer-by.

In approaching the city, had to skirt a graveyard, where the coffins are placed above ground, and left there until their contents are decomposed, when they are removed, to make place for others. In the neighborhood are numerous coffin makers, and the trade appears to be thriving, from the numbers engaged at it. Our guide informed me that I could procure one of these "accommodations" at prices varying from five to five hundred dollars. I declined trading for them, however, considering *that* a negotiation to be entered into by "sorrowing friends."

Entered the city through a double gateway, having had to cross a fetid, shallow ditch before the walls.

Shanghai is a walled city, and in its appearance much like other Chinese towns, only it was more filthy than any I had yet visited. Crossed a number of stagnant pools, over bridges much too good for such stinking streams, being, in their architecture, entirely out of keeping with the other properties. Saw a great many Tea Gardens, where the tea was dispensed by the cup; and when a Chinaman called for a cup, it was perhaps in the same spirit that some of our countrymen demand a "smaller" of brandy, rum, or gin, though the Celestial certainly imbibes the least noxious potion. One of these gardens formed the centre of a stagnant pool, and was reached by bridges from different points. A fantastic-looking temple appeared the rendezvous, and upon the whole the effect would have been pleasing, but for that sickly green water.

Visited several shops, and made a few purchases of "*curios*," and was then perfectly satisfied to get out of such a filthy hole.

The day after his arrival, our commander and suite paid an official visit to the Taoutae,—head man of the district,—and was well received. The Chinese who held this office had been an old Hong merchant at Canton. He gave the entertainment in the European style; and from having consorted so much with "Fankwies," in his former capacity, he was quite at home; but you may depend upon it, it is always with much reluctance that these Celestial citizens of the Central Flowery Land dispense with any of their customs in our favor; and when they do condescend to lay aside their chop-sticks, and use the knife and fork, there is policy in it. What was the object in this instance, further than to honor a nation where "gold grows," I did not ascertain. But we have undoubtedly risen greatly in their estimation since the acquisition of California, and the appearance of our magnificent clipper ships in their waters.

The day following His Excellency, the Taoutae, sent on board numerous presents, amongst which were some early fruit, sweetmeats, and two very fine sheep. These latter, of the celebrated Shanghae breed, were the finest specimens I have seen for a long time; and the most striking peculiarity about them was the preponderance of fat to their caudal extremities, the tail of each being of an entirely different formation from that of the European breed; and I can compare it to nothing better than an immense woolly mop, "in the place where the *tail* ought to grow." I do not know if any of

these sheep have ever been imported into the United States, or whether they would endure the voyage, but understood the stock is not considered equal to our own. These certainly were covered with heavy coats of wool: of its quality I was unable to judge, having confined my examination entirely to what lay beneath, which I can unhesitatingly pronounce to be as good mutton as I had ever eaten.

A very short stay, and an attack of sickness, prevented me from exploring much of Shanghai, or its environs, and I learned there are a thousand things worth seeing.

The Chinese call this province the Paradise of China, and if I am not mistaken, the word has this signification when interpreted: and they have a proverb, which runs in this wise: "See Shanghai, and die." I came very near acting up to their advice, for after seeing what is previously written, I was taken seriously ill; so that, had our stay been prolonged, I would have been unable to have gone on shore, unless, indeed, in one of their fancy coffins!

Learned, however, from one of the officers of Her Majesty's brig "Contest," who had been stationed here some time, that the climate is delightful to those who are able to withstand the cold of the winters; that the features of the country have not been misstated, but are equal to any representation made; that game is at all times abundant, especially in autumn, when fine sport is to be obtained by those who handle "mantons" with even moderate skill; furthermore, the followers of quaint old Isaac, the ancient angler, need but a tithe of his art to tempt the piscatory tribe from their native element. But he did affirm that in midsummer,

the mercury in the tube scarcely ever gets below 100° Fahrenheit, and the action of the sun's rays upon the stagnant water before-named, gives such an intimation to the nostrils of the state of the atmosphere, as to render the use of the eudiometer unnecessary.

Got under way from our moorings early in the morning of Monday the 19th, and dropped down with the tide; getting out of the Woo-Sung, anchored in the Yang-tse-Kiang, on the 20th, passed Saddle Island, and dismissing the pilot, headed for Amoy, at which port we were to look in on our return.

We had proceeded along pretty well until the morning of the 27th, when about three o'clock in the morning watch, as I was lying awake in my apartment, heard the officer of the deck give the order for tacking ship—"Ready about"—and after the boatswain's pipe to "Stations." "Ready, ready," when she received a shock, as from the concussion of a heavy sea, then another, and another, which soon convinced me that the ship was ashore. This was certainly unpleasant, as I had no doubt but that we were at that time twenty miles from land, and the idea of a coral reef in that position, was premonitory of a salt-water bath. Before the call of "All hands save ship," was given, I was upon deck, and found that she had grounded upon a bank on the northern coast of the island of Formosa, having been swept by an unusual current over thirty miles in the course of twelve hours, an event altogether unlooked for, and which would have baffled the skill of the most experienced navigator; our chart, upon examination, also proving to be incorrect. Luckily it was ebb tide when she went on, and after getting out all the boats, and lightening

the ship by throwing overboard shot and starting water, she was got off, after having been aground about eight hours, and thumping terribly.

It was the first time I had ever felt the effects of a heavy sea upon a ship ashore, and never wish to experience them again.

With our armament and stores we were probably as heavily laden as a merchant vessel of greater tonnage would have been with cargo, but being more strongly built, were of course better able to withstand the shocks.

Every time she struck, the top-gallant masts would sway like saplings, and the ship tremble throughout her whole frame, indeed, a homely remark of one of her crew was very expressive of her condition: "Why the old ship has got the hiccups," and her motions were truly resembling those of a human being in convulsive throes.

Notwithstanding we got off so easily, yet our situation had in it much of peril, and we were at one time in some danger.

The inhabitants of this part of Formosa are savages, some say cannibals. They had gathered in great numbers on the beach, some two or three thousands, and appeared divided into different clans, awaiting our breaking up. Had we fallen into their hands, defenceless, there was but little chance of escaping, so greatly did they outnumber our crew.

As it was, we got off barely in time, for it commenced to "blow great guns" about the time we got afloat, which created such a sea as would soon have knocked us to pieces, and even before we had way on, the surf was beating so vio-

lently upon the beach, as to have precluded all possibility of reaching the shore in an armed body.

Under double-reefed topsails we beat over to Amoy, and the next morning made the entrance to that port, but had to stand off and on the whole day and night, the sea being so high as to make it dangerous to attempt to enter the harbor.

CHAPTER XVII.

Amoy—Its Trade—Cause of Decay—Infanticide—Manner of destroying Female Infants—China Woman's Confession—Environs—British and American Cemeteries—The Fatal Rock—Koo-lung-Seu—Chinese Gunnery—Chinese Customs—Marriage—Death—Manner of Mourning—Pagoda of Nan-tae-Woo-Shan.

ON the morning of the 29th of May, came into the port of Amoy and anchored. Communicated with our Consul, who stated that our commerce was very small at that point, and although it is connected with the tea district, but five American vessels had entered the port for the past two years.

Of all the "five ports," Amoy appears to have the least foreign trade, and notwithstanding its contiguity to the region of China, in which its principal article of export is produced, enjoys but little commerce.

This is in a measure to be attributed to the difficulty of entering its bay at all seasons, but is mainly caused by the apathy and lack of enterprise of its inhabitants. They appear to be less disposed to trade with foreigners than any other Chinese we visited, and in their shops were perfectly indifferent whether we became purchasers or not, using no exertions to effect sales. This was so opposite to what we had always found to be a prominent feature of Chinese character as to excite remark. In Canton, Macào, and Shang-

hae, they had pressed their wares upon us, but in Amoy you might examine the contents of a shop, without being importuned to purchase a single article.

The principal trade appeared to be in opium. There were two receiving ships in the bay, and from the general appearance of the people, would be led to suppose that a great deal of it was smoked by them, and this accounted for their apathy and want of energy.

It must end so, that this opium trade will be the ruin of China, for in its use it not only enervates the people, but it is procured by draining the country of the precious metals, and it may be fairly stated, that for every ounce of opium brought into the country, nearly its weight in Sycee silver has been extracted.

The town of Amoy presents the same features as Shanghai, and other Chinese cities: streets narrow and filthy, and dirt abundant, an equal number of offensive smells pervade the atmosphere, and as many disgusting sights offend the eye; beggars, to be sure, are not so common as at Shanghai, but the inhabitants have a squalid look, as if *too lazy to beg*. Infanticide—or if I may be allowed to coin a word for this peculiar kind of child murder on account of its being confined entirely to the female sex—"Puellacide" is said to prevail to a greater extent in this region than even in Canton itself. Whilst sons are considered an honor, and their growth looked upon as a matter of profit, the giving birth to a daughter is proportionably a disgrace, and the rearing of it a disadvantage, consequently the female infant is generally allowed but a few moments existence in "this breathing

world," and is usually strangled by the hands of its unnatural mother immediately upon its birth. The manner in which this act is said to be performed, is by filling up the mouth of the babe with rice, and holding its nostrils closed with the hand until suffocation is produced.

It is hard to suppose that a mother can thus act towards her offspring, but it is known to be too true, and it may be a better fate than is reserved for many of the sex whose lives have been spared, for so useless an incumbrance are females considered in the families of the lower orders, and so little regard have their parents for them, that even before they grow up, they are often sold for the worst purposes.

A Chinese woman, who had been converted to Christianity, confessed, that in her ignorance, she had destroyed *seven* of her own infants, females of course, not considering the custom of her country, at that time, a crime.

Although there is but little to interest one in the town of Amoy, there are several pleasant places in its vicinity. Yet every where appeared the evidence of "decay's effacing fingers." On the opposite side of the bay was once a flourishing site, which previous to the attack of the English had been the residence of the wealthier citizens, mandarins, etc. When the British troops invested this place, they occupied these buildings as barracks; and being withdrawn after the treaty, left them in a ruinous condition. They have not been used since, and the large gardens, evidently at one time cultivated with much taste, have now run to waste. In these were romantic grottoes, in which are curiously carved resting-places, cut out of the rock.

The English burial ground is in this neighborhood ; it is a small place, and walled in. The mortality amongst the troops was very great during the occupancy of this place, and this area is said to contain over a regiment of soldiers.

The American cemetery is more prepossessing in appearance. It is situated in a picturesque valley, full of beautiful trees, and did not contain many graves. From it there is a fine view of the bay and islands, and the city of Amoy.

In crossing the bay on our return, there was pointed out a singularly shaped rock in height about thirty feet, with a narrow base, and swelling out as it ascended, in appearance similar to a boy's top. The Chinese have a startling prophecy connected with it, which is, that when it shall fall, the present dynasty of China will also decline ; reminding one of the Latin saying, " When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall." But Rome has fallen, and the Coliseum still stands ! Will the parallel hold good between this rock and China ? The island of Koo-lung-Seu, when the British made the attack upon Amoy, appears to have been well fortified, but the Chinese committed a great error in the *training* of their guns, or rather in placing them so as to have been unable to take any other range than point blank ! Here is a fort mounting upwards of fifty guns of large calibre, which would have commanded the bay, but the embrasures are so small as barely to admit the muzzle of the gun, the breech of which was imbedded in the earth. These were soon silenced, as may well be supposed, by the attacking squadron taking a position beyond their range, and training their

own batteries to bear upon the Chinese gunners within, who kept blazing away into the unresisting air, whilst the British riddled the fort at leisure. The mandarin in charge, a Tartar, who would not be caught, drowned himself.

From Mr. Bradley, our intelligent Consul at Amoy, who appears to have devoted much time to the study of the Chinese and their customs, obtained a great deal of information respecting them.

In regard to marriages, he stated, that when a Chinaman considers himself rich enough to take a wife, he informs the object of his choice *by letter*, which is usually a sheet of paper some five or six feet in length; this is shown to her parents, and if the match is thought a proper one, she is allowed to make known her compliance in a *billet-doux* of equal proportions. After this interchange, the father of the selected fair calls upon the proposing party to arrange preliminaries, amongst not the least important of which is the payment of a sum of money agreed upon between them; this fund is *supposed* to be for the furnishing of the bride.

The happy day is then appointed, and when it arrives a plentiful supply of edibles flows in from the friends of both families to the house of the bridegroom; from whence are dispatched a number of his friends to carry the bride to her future home; by these she is borne along in a sedan chair, closely veiled, accompanied by music, and is received by her future "lord and *master*," seated in state, and surrounded by the tablets of his ancestors; then for the *first* time in his life he *beholds the face* of the woman of his choice!

The marriage being consummated, three days succeeding are devoted to festivities.

When a woman has been so unfortunate as to become a widow, especially without male issue, she testifies her grief in every imaginable manner, filling the air with her lamentations, tearing her loosened hair, and giving all the demonstrations of the deepest sorrow. At each meal food is placed at the accustomed seat, and the absentee is entreated to return and partake in the most endearing terms. This is continued for a season, when, as if tired of entreaty so unavailingly lavished, and in the true spirit of her sex, the widow changes her tune, and commences to abuse the "dear departed." For one year this practice is kept up, after that, twice a month for three years; then only upon the anniversary of his death. Have not been apprised of any success having attended these applications, or whether the applicants were sincere in their expressions; but am rather inclined to doubt the sincerity of the mourner, excepting in cases where male issue is desired, and then their grief has a selfish motive.

There was an instance in a Chinese house opposite the Consulate, where a woman, who had been deprived of her partner by death, a short time previously, was calling him to breakfast, and deprecating his delay in no measured terms.

The Pagoda, or tower of Nan-tae-Woo-Shan, is a conspicuous object near Amoy. It is one thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight feet above the level of the sea, and an excellent mark for vessels making the harbor.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Formosa—Description of the Island—Its productions—Coal Mines—Metals—The Dutch Possessions—Their Expulsion—Proper policy of Civilized Powers.

THE island of Formosa—from going on which we so narrowly escaped—is destined from its position and importance, to become, at a time not long future, a place of considerable trade for both Europeans and Americans, as it is now indeed with the Chinese of the neighboring provinces of Fo-Kien and Che-Kiang on the main land.

As its name implies, it is a “beautiful” island, especially on its southern extremity, which has been described as a fruitful garden, producing delicious fruits and grain of every description, and exporting vast quantities of rice, sugar, tobacco, and camphor.

The Chinese call it Te-wan; it extends between the degrees of twenty and twenty-six north latitude, is about fifty miles wide, and is separated from the province of Foo-Kien, of which it is a dependency, by a channel of from eighty to ninety miles in breadth.

It is equidistant from Japan and the Philippine Islands, being about one hundred and fifty miles from each, and appears to have been placed directly in the highway of commerce.

As yet it has been but little explored, and of its harbors, with the exception of Kelung, not much is known. This harbor is on its northern extremity, in latitude $25^{\circ} 9'$ north of Greenwich, by a late observation. There is a good anchorage here for vessels drawing not over sixteen feet, and water and supplies can be obtained from the town, which contains about two thousand inhabitants, said to be very civil and obliging. They are principally engaged in fishing and the cultivation of the land, which is set down as luxuriant in the extreme.

Coal is said to be very abundant in this neighborhood, and many excavations have been made in the surrounding hills, some of them having been tunnelled over forty feet, and a distinct stratum exhibited of about four feet thick, hard and easily detached, lying between blue soft shale and sandstone. The quality of this coal was described by a person who visited the mines, to be very good, heavy, easily detached, igniting readily, and burning with a bituminous gassy flame, leaving a very small quantity of ashes of a reddish white color. From specimens which I have seen, do not suppose it equal to the English Cannel or our own Pittsburgh; but have known coal of a not much superior quality to have been produced from the first workings of mines in the valley of the Ohio, and who can say but that much better veins exist, of which these are but the openings?

In this however does not consist entirely the mineral wealth of this prolific island, and in the range of mountains which run through its centre is found gold and silver, iron ore and copper. Whilst in the valleys at their feet, the la-

bors of the husbandman are bountifully rewarded in extensive crops of sugar and rice, so easily produced from the luxuriant soil of a southern latitude.

The Pang-hoo or Pescadore Islands, which lie between it and the province of Foo-Kien, compose with Formosa, one Foo, or department of that province, and are subject to its Foo-yuen or Governor. These dependencies are divided into six districts, five of which are within the limits of Formosa, the sixth comprising the Pescadore Islands.

But although the Chinese government asserts supremacy over Formosa, and subjects its inhabitants to tribute, yet amongst the aborigines are several tribes, which it has never been able to subdue, and who as yet successfully dispute its authority, overrun the peaceably disposed districts, and prevent this extensive island from being more thoroughly explored, and its vast resources fully developed. It was upon their inhospitable shore that we came near being cast, and from their tender mercies made so narrow an escape.

In the year 1624, the Dutch, being then powerful at sea, made an attack upon the Portuguese settlement at Macào; from which being repulsed, their Admiral sought refuge on Formosa, and taking possession of the Pescadore Islands, attacked Chinese junks, trading in those waters, and plundering them, disposed of their cargoes on the neighboring island of Japan.

By permission from the reigning dynasty of China, then tottering to its fall, they were allowed to establish a factory on the S. W. coast of Formosa, where they erected a fort, which they named Fort Zealand. This settlement became

quite flourishing, from the fact that the disturbances on the main land drove numbers of the more peaceably disposed Chinese to the security of this new retreat on the beautiful island.

A number of Spaniards from Manilla, noting the advantageous position of the island, attempted a settlement on its northern side, but it was soon broken up by the Dutch, who drove them away, and held undisputed sway over it until 1644, when the Tartars conquered China, who naturally becoming jealous of this band of foreigners so near their shores, made arrangements with the celebrated Coxinga—son of him who had been educated by the Portuguese and baptized Nicholas—to repair to Formosa, and root out this growing power.

Having, by professions of peace, induced the Dutch Admiral sent for its protection to withdraw his forces and return to Batavia, he approached the settlement with a large force, and landing, was immediately joined by his countrymen the Chinese who had emigrated thither. With these added to his command, Coxinga demanded Formosa from the Dutch, requiring them to depart at once or “hoist the red flag,” that is, prepare to fight. This they did, and after sustaining a siege of nine months, surrendered the fort, and were allowed to proceed to Java.

Had they conciliated the Chinese, who had come to live amongst them, they might have had their support, and retained possession of the island, but by barbarous treatment they had alienated them, so that Coxinga found in them willing allies.

Since the expulsion of the Dutch, there has been no at-

tempt at settlement on this desirable island by any European power; which, when its fertility and position are considered, is somewhat remarkable. As I have before stated, its productions are distributed by Chinese junks, of which between two and three hundred are engaged in carrying rice to the neighboring provinces, and nearly one hundred are said to be employed in transporting the article of sugar alone to one single port in China, that of Tein-tsin. The trade between it and Canton is also said to be considerable, camphor being the principal export thence.

But if gain will not induce civilized powers to occupy this as yet undeveloped island, the cause of humanity should interest some such maritime nation as England or America, to at least chastise those barbarous savages who overrun its eastern shores; it is from these that many a peaceful mariner, coasting them in trading voyages, having been caught in those dreadful Typhoons which ravage those seas, and thrown helpless into their hands, has met with a cruel and torturing death, and from the fact of numberless shipwrecks along that coast, of which no survivors have remained, it is but fair to judge that the hapless crews have only escaped the angry waters, to meet a more violent end on these inhospitable shores. An instance occurred in the crew of the "Larpent," an English merchant vessel, which went ashore here, about the time we passed the island, of which but four escaped, and these by a miracle. They saw their unfortunate shipmates lanced, and decapitated, and themselves, being hotly pursued, escaped in their boat, and landing at a point

unobserved, were, whilst pushing their way to the interior, captured and sold as slaves, from which condition they were released by a chief from another part of the island, and put on board the "Antelope," an opium clipper, which brought them to Shanghae.

CHAPTER XIX.

Leave Amoy—Arrive in Macào Roads—Live ashore—Well guarded—Night calls—Ventriloquist at Typa Fort—Ordered on board—Up to Whampoa—Clipper Ships—Over to Hong-Kong—Coronation day—Independence day—Hurried on board—The mail—Ty-foongs.

CAME to anchor in Macào Roads on the 4th of June, having made the passage to Shanghae and back in just forty days, including stoppage there, at Amoy, and delay from getting aground on Formosa.

Left Amoy on the 31st of May, and ran down the coast with favoring breezes, nothing worth noting having occurred since our departure from the latter port.

Went ashore on the first opportunity, and found there awaiting our arrival several letters and packages of newspapers, which had reached by overland mail during our absence. This was indeed a treat, and repaid us for all the inconveniences of our voyage. A good piece of news also was received, to wit, that there was a probability of our leaving the station for home in the fall.

Suffering still from sickness, I was allowed to take up my lodgings on shore, and duly installed myself in apartments No. 7, Senate Square, where I witnessed the Governor's daily visit to the Senate house, and the relieving of the

guard; but as all situations have their drawbacks, was greatly annoyed by the unearthly noises made by the sentries during the night. Not a person could pass, but he was hailed, and every half hour I was awakened by the guard yelling out some unintelligible words, which were caught up in every direction, in the most discordant tones, until echo herself grew hoarse and disgusted with the repetition. I was well guarded to be sure, but could have dispensed with the attention, and would have bargained for less honor, with an equal diminution of noise!

The Portuguese lay great stress upon these night calls; and at the Typa fort, where we lay, which but two or three soldiers garrison, it was said they had a ventriloquist, who sent the word *Alerto*, with various changes, throughout the works.

After one week's residence *en grand seigneur*, was obliged to give up my *casa*, and repair on board. Orders being to go up to Whampoa, about the confounded insurrection.

On the seventeenth of June, came to anchor in the "Reach" again, and found every thing as usual there, the standing joke of the Chinese having taken Canton not being realized.

Saw there some of the first of those Yankee clippers that have since almost monopolized the China carrying trade. The "Sea Serpent," bound for the United States, passed close to us, and a magnificent specimen of naval architecture she was. She excited a strong yearning for home, and gladly would I have exchanged on board of her.

These clippers, I then noted, were to effect a change in

East Indiamen, such as would have been hooted at ten years ago. Then, speed was a secondary consideration, and capacity for carrying deemed the *sine qua non*. Now, speed is the object; and it has been proved, that in making quick trips, with a lesser cargo, in suitable seasons, the advantage is greater than in freighting larger vessels, that in consequence of their greater capacity sail slower.

The anniversary of our arrival in China came round whilst we lay at Whampoa, and I celebrated it by a trip to Canton, to make an official call upon our Chargé d’Affaires, and returned the same day.

Our only amusements here were strolling over the hills, and sauntering through Bamboo and Newtown—the novelty of which places having some time worn off—and passing away the evening at the bowling alleys, and billiard room, where prices were high and refreshments execrable. However, here we got exercise even at a high rate; and this exercise is considered so desirable, that persons from Canton—a distance of ten miles—resort to this place.

From Whampoa departed for Hong-Kong, where found a number of old friends. We arrived there upon Coronation day, which was being celebrated with all honor. The Queen—God bless her!—was toasted, and the healths of the King consort, and all the royal family drunk. In the evening, the devotion of her loyal subjects was expended in a brilliant display of fireworks, which was untimely quenched by a sudden shower.

Celebrated our own “Independence day” for the second time in China, whilst we lay in the harbor of Hong-Kong;

and H. B. M. frigate *Cleopatra*, and brig *Lily*, were dressed, and fired national salutes with us ;—a pretty compliment, and as it should be. An editor in Hong-Kong made it the subject of unseemly remark, but am confident he had not the countenance of one of his subscribers. A dinner was given in honor of the occasion at our Consul's. It was a splendid affair, several lady residents of Hong-Kong gracing the board with their presence. The gentlemen kept it up long after they had retired, and the union of the States was cemented,—representatives from nearly all being present,—amongst the hours

“Ayont the twal.”

We lay at anchor off Hong-Kong until the eleventh of July, when received orders to proceed over to Macào, and join our consort there. I was out of the ship when the orders came, and of course knew nothing about them ; had spent the evening on board H. M. S. *Minden*, where I occupied the state-room of an absent officer, an acquaintance. The next morning, whilst breakfasting, my attention was directed, through the port, to some unusual movement on board our ship ; such as a boat being dispatched to the *Cleopatra*, sending aloft topgallant yards, and unshipping the companion ladder. This last movement was decisive. Sailing orders must be on : and bringing my meal to a hasty conclusion, got on board to find the messenger shipped, and all hands heaving away at the capstan. Soon we had sail on, and I did not get on board a minute too soon to secure a passage to Macào.

After reaching that port, and concluding the business for which we had been summoned, received permission to exchange our rolling and pitching in the outer roads, for the snug and quiet anchorage in the Typa; and our old pleasant trips to the shore were again resumed: rambles along the Governor's Road, and over the hills, filling up the afternoons of "liberty days," and suppers at "Frank's"—Hotel—at night adding considerably to the amount of monthly mess bills.

The arrival of the mail was always an event with us; and this month—August—it reached Macão unusually early, having been received on the eighth day: just fifty-eight days from New-York. I do not know what we would have done without this mail, the anticipation of its arrival keeping our minds occupied, and the business of answering letters and mailing them filling up the monthly intervals. We closed our correspondence in the last week of the month, expecting dates from home during the first week of the next.

Whilst we lay in the Typa had strong indications of a Ty-foong, but it passed over with some bad weather, high winds, and squalls. Felt perfectly secure at our anchorage, but used the precaution of bending the sheet-cables, sending down yards, and housing topgallant-masts. As it was, had considerable of a blow, and the Ty-foong ravaged the coasts in our vicinity.

The Ty-foong of the East is synonymous with the hurricane or tornado of the West Indies, as the monsoon may be said to assimilate with the trade-winds of the opposite hemisphere; but this "strong wind" blows with even more vio-

lence, and has a circular motion. Ships have had their masts bodily twisted out of them, and many, more unfortunate, have been ingulfed in the maelstrom created by its fury. From its veering so suddenly to every point of the compass, the usual precautions against ordinary gales afford but little protection. A heavy, boding swell precedes, to give notice of the dreaded Ty-foong. The aquatic birds, with natural instinct, take wing and fly before its approach; whilst on shore the air is filled with insects in constant motion. So indicative, indeed, is this flight of insects, that the Chinese call them Ty-foong Bugs.

The inhabitants predicate the recursion of these storms by numerous other signs, and are prompt to take every precaution to avoid their effects. At Macào, upon this occasion, the proprietors of the "Tanka" and "pull away" boats drew them on shore, some distance from the landing, and close to the houses. In these, the boat folk, men, women, and children, stowed themselves away, prepared to weather the Ty-foong. The walls of the dwellings on the Praya forming a good lee, they lashed their boats as well as they were able, and secured the bamboo coverings. Not a boatman could be prevailed upon to launch his craft for love or money. Some of them, indeed, from the habit of their profession, would say, "Suppose have give ten, twelve dollar, so;" but if you appeared for an instant to incline to their extortionate demand, they would at once change their tune, and shaking both head and tail,—please to remember that Chinese boatmen *have* tails to their heads,—cry out, with deprecatory gestures, "Ei-yah! how can make walkee? my tinkee can catchee

too muchee Ti-fung!" and then slide back beneath their bamboo shelter, with a decisive "No can!"

The season when Ty-foongs generally prevail in these latitudes,—and it is only within a few degrees upon these coasts that they rage,—is between July and October, inclusive of those months. They form a serious impediment to the navigation of the China Sea, almost amounting to its obstruction at this period; for the inducement must be great to encounter such a risk. H. B. M. ship Hastings experienced a severe one late in October, and the new American clipper ship "Witchcraft," came into Victoria harbor on the third of December, 1851, having encountered a strong Ty-foong in 142° east, which carried away all her topmasts, and jib-boom, narrowly escaping going down. Both these vessels were caught unexpectedly, neither expecting to find Ty-foongs in the latitudes in which they were at that season of the year.

CHAPTER XX.

Ty-foong passed—Pleasant Season—Theatrical Exhibition—The Macàense—Philharmonic Society—Italian Opera—Awaiting Orders for Home—Thoughts of Home and Friends—Idea suggested by the Setting Sun—Poetry—*Maladie de Pays*—Its effect upon the Swiss—A Remedy—My own Experience—And manner of Cure.

THE symptoms of the Ty-foong having passed over, and all fears of its recurrence at an end, time went pleasantly by at Macào. The temperature was most delightful, this season being certainly the most agreeable in this part of China, a number of foreign residents from Canton and Hong-Kong adding to its gayety.

The Portuguese officers, aided by the citizens, got up for our amusement a theatrical exhibition, at the old rooms formerly occupied by the Philharmonic Society. The representations were very good, and the accommodations for the audience excellent. Saw the *élite* of Macào at these performances, and must say the Macàense are not without a goodly share of female beauty, although it is not apparent upon all occasions, for the decline of the place has affected the finances of the families, and their pride will not allow them to exhibit their poverty upon common occasions, not that there was any evidence of it here, for the ladies were all richly as well as tastily dressed.

It is perhaps not generally known that opera once flourished in Macão. An Italian company, who had carried their "sweet voices" around the world, once made these walls vocal with the music of Donizetti, Bellini, and others of their great maestros, and "Lucia di Lammermoor" lamented her lost love, and the amiable Amina sobbed forth her somnambule sorrows for her false lover, upon these very boards.

The performance given upon this occasion was not in opera, but dramatic, something about the troubles of a Jew—not *le Juif Errant*—although this member of his tribe was off and on sufficiently to have given him a claim to this title.

An interval, filled up by promenading to some pretty good music, was succeeded by a funny farce, which sent the audience laughing to their beds.

We awaited here the arrival of the Commodore, whom we had heard was to bring us our release, and send us home immediately upon his reaching the station. Had not a full view of the part of the horizon from which the flagship might be expected to emerge, but many were the glasses directed to the mouth of the Typa, from which a glimpse of the ocean could be gained, and the quarter-masters of each watch were repeatedly ordered to keep a good look-out. The fact was, we were getting tired of China, and despite all the kind favors showered upon us, longed for home :

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said :
This is my own—my native land !"

And thoughts of home and dear ones there, would intrude, and strong desires once more to tread the soil of that loved native land, and to press the hands of early and long-tried friends, could not be entirely repressed, although not altogether just to "those we had here."

But we had been now nearly two years absent. Two years on shipboard is a long, a very long time—try it if you doubt—and had seen nearly all that was worthy of observation within our reach. Seas of immense extent rolled between us and our homes, and the circumference of the globe had to be traversed ere we could expect to meet our friends. No wonder then that we so ardently desired to be allowed to point our prow towards the West, or watching the retiring beams of the setting sun, envied that orb the privilege that action gave, of kissing eyelids and gazing into eyes, on which we were wont to gaze "lang syne," nor under the influence of such thoughts that we should give them vent in this manner :

"Farewell, my love, the evening gun
Has boomed in echo o'er the sea ;
My soul goes with that sinking sun,
Which sheds its rising beams on thee.

"May it bring to thee peace and joy,
Tho' here, it eare and darkness leaves ;
For gloomy thoughts my soul employ,
Which now no light from thine receives.

"Oh, for one old accustomed smile !
That dark eye's glance of lustrous light ;
But these are distant many a mile,
And I can only sigh—Good Night !

“ Good night, my love, whilst darkness lowers
Around our lone and silent bark,
Morning smiles sweetly on thy bowers,
And greeting, upwards flies the lark.

“ Thou art the *sun* that glads my way,
Thine *eye* the beam of life to me,
Thy *smile* can turn my night to day,
As upwards speeds *my soul* to thee.”

I have before explained the causes which operated upon me to produce such effects as above, and hope the reader, if ever he or she should have been afflicted in either of the ways I have mentioned, will at least tolerate the method of alleviation.

This “*maladie-de-pays*” is a horrible sensation, worse than sea-sickness, I ween, and I can fully sympathize with the poor Swiss, who are said to have fallen victims to it in the armies of Napoleon. He should have allowed pens, ink, and any quantity of writing paper; they might have relieved their minds by *scribbling*. Music is also said to be a capital cure, although the “*Ranz des Vaches*” did not succeed; but I judge from the cheerful countenances of those of their countrymen who are in the habit of parading our streets with a hand organ and monkey, and enlivening us with the air of

“Arouse thee, arouse thee, my merry Swiss boy.”

For myself I have only experienced the malady twice. The first attack occurred, when with a heart rather more tender than at the present writing, I was left amongst a par-

cel of strange inquisitive boys, at a boarding-school in the country, at what then appeared to my unshophisticated mind away " 'tother side of yonder ;"—I shall never forget, although I may laugh at it now, the feeling of utter desolateness that came over me, or how low sank my little heart, even to the very soles of my stockings, when the Dominie, whose face was fast forgetting the smiles it had worn in my good parents' presence, inquired in a tone half hypocritical, half ironical : " What does the young gentleman want now ?" and I blubberingly answered, " I—want—to—go—go—home." I recovered from that attack with the aid of counter irritation by the application of birch, and emollients in the shape of scribbling verses to the metre of " dulce—dulce domum." The effects of the second are now before the reader, from which I opine he is the greatest sufferer, and this is dispersed by music, for the " retreat" has just been beaten, and I shall turn in.

CHAPTER XXI.

Haul up all standing—Boat Races—Interest in the sport—Excitement general—Arrangements—Jockeyism—Regatta—Preparations—The Start—The Race—The Result—Launch and First Cutter—Race described con-amore—Suggestion of an Old Salt—Satan and Sailors.

BUT I must cease my digressions, lest my sickness become epidemic, and extend to my readers, in which event I should fear they would not be “at home” to me. To continue :

To fill up the time, and give some relaxation to the men, had boat races between the different crews in the “Typa.”

It was surprising to see with what interest the sailors entered into the sport, and the excitement produced by the contests ; bets ran high amongst them, and Tattersalls, previous to the great St. Leger Stake, could not produce a greater scene of excitement than did our top-gallant fore-castle and forward gangways, during the preparations for a race ; the claims of different candidates for an oar would be carefully canvassed, and the coxswains became, for the nonce, men of vast importance, for upon their *ipse dixit* in selecting the crews, the success of the boats was thought mainly to depend. Then the non-combatants had their favorite boats and men, and their suggestions would be strongly urged.

The enthusiasm even extended to the officers, and produced an excitement as deep, if not so loud, upon the quarter deck and poop. Sums were raised amongst them, and set up as prizes for the crew of the winning boat, and suppers on shore, and segars in hand, hung upon the success of the second or third cutters—the first cutter and the launch.

Every plan known to experienced boatmen was resorted to; every unnecessary impediment that could offer the slightest obstruction removed; the bottoms of the boats, after having been well scraped, were *secretly greased*, and the pintals of the rudder carefully oiled, the weight of the oars well calculated, and the trim of the boats arranged by placing breakers of water fore, aft, or amidships, as it was thought their weight might be required to give a proper balance.

The oars, too, were carefully overhauled, scraped, pointed, and newly leathered; the rowlocks, in which they were to be placed, arranged, and nothing that skill or experience could suggest, was neglected to secure success.

Preparation for the race.—The hour big with fate to the crews of the second and third cutters approached. One bell in the afternoon watch had been struck, and preparations commenced. The respective crews having taken the lightest kind of a dinner, divested themselves of all unnecessary clothing, tied handkerchiefs around their heads, and making their belts taut around their bodies, stood by, ready for a call. The boats, their oars all in, and extra ones secured handily to the gunwales, in case of accident, with a coxswain in each, lay at either of the booms,—second cutter on starboard, third on the port side; and the arrangement was

that they should both lay upon their oars and await the signal, which was to be the dropping of a handkerchief by the umpire, who was first to see that neither had the advantage. A few minutes before two bells, the boatswain's mate piped away the crews, and they descended into their respective boats by the booms.

The start.—After being seated, and having peaked their oars by way of a salute, the order was given to “let fall;” splash went their oars into the water, and anxiety was depicted upon every countenance. “Take your stations”—“Back your oars, third cutters”—“Steady there, second cutters,” were the orders given and repeated with only an alteration in the titles of the boats, as the crew of each with a natural impulse strove to prevent the other from stealing a length upon them; from this impatience it was found impossible to make their position exactly relative; but at last the handkerchief was dropped, and off they shot with the velocity of arrows from a bow, the second cutter having the advantage of half a length in the start.

The race.—The distance to be rowed was one mile and a half to a stake boat, round that, and back. The prize, a bag containing sixty-four dollars, suspended from an oar in the stake boat. The second cutter having the start, kept the distance open between her and her competitor (now extended a full length), which pulled up steadily in her wake; the coxswain of the leading boat dexterously anticipating all his pursuer's efforts to pass, and keeping him dead in his wake until they had shot over half the distance between the ship and the stake boat, when, by a desperate effort, the

third cutter appeared to leap bodily out of the water, her oars quivering like the wings of a bird, from the impulse given by those muscular arms. Side by side, their oars almost overlapping, they dashed like the wind towards the prize. Now came the tug—a single tarpauling would at one moment have covered them both and retained its position, so steadily did they pull; it was apparently a tie, when an unusual movement was observed on board the third cutter.

The result—This was caused by the breaking of the bow oar, which snapping short off, dropped into the water, and fouled the starboard oars; not an instant was spent in shipping another, but the advantage had been lost. The second cutter, with her full power, shot ahead, rounded the stake boat and led the way back; her opponent recovering from the accident, and following so closely, that the two appeared like one boat of unusual length as they approached; but the struggle was unequal. Two third cutters, unable to stand the additional labor, gave out. The flag was hauled down from the fore as the second cutter passed the line, and the third, contending to the last, came in about three boats' lengths astern.

The next race was between the launch and the first cutter; the launch, a heavy boat, called by sailors the "Purser's Gig," pulling sixteen oars; first cutter, a fast craft, with a crack crew, pulling just eight. This was *the* race of the Regatta, and excited much interest. Various were the opinions as to the result, and to use a phrase of the turf, "bets were even;" not that any serious amounts of money were risked, for that would have been "*contra bonos*

mores;" but several suppers and sundry boxes of segars hung on the balance.

Both the boats were put in capital order, and the crews of both were sanguine of success. The launchers depended upon the power they possessed in a double bank of oars; the first cutters upon the qualities and lightness of their boat. Impelled by these hopes, they started. I happened to be in the launch; we took the lead after a fair start, and led the cutter around the stake boat, a distance of more than a mile; but that which had given the launch a great advantage on the first stretch, proved a serious drawback on her return, the prevalence of a very high wind, which increasing, kicked up a tremendous sea, and causing her to roll and pitch, very much deadened her headway. Gradually the first cutter crawled up; gallantly the launchers contested the space they had gained. "Give way, lads! give way, they're gaining on us!" and the oars bent like willows in the hands of the hardy launchers; but in vain this expenditure of strength; one half of it was lost in a heavy lurch, which sent the starboard oars glancing in the sunbeams, dripping salt tears from their blades into the exulting wave, and nearly unseating the men. Like the *Giselle*, the agile cutter skips alongside. "Pull steadily now, men!" "Pull with a will!" It is vain; side by side we plunge, but the cutter evidently gains; a glimpse of blue sky is apparent at the back of her steerer; it increases; the slanting beams of the setting sun shines full in our eyes. It is noticed by the crew—sailors are superstitious, and their hopes sink with the sun; "But it will rise again! Give way,

boys, give way! we'll beat them yet!" Again they put forth all their power, and the bow oars nearly touch. But the wind increases, the sea rises, a heavy swell knocks us back from the vantage we had gained. The third cutter, buoyant as a cork, perches an instant on the crest of a wave, and then rushes down its opposite side with a cheer from its crew. The race *was* to the swift, but "the battle was not to the strong;" the "Purser's Gig" was distanced.

But, if the launch had been beaten, its crew were not conquered, and the coxswain, old Andrews, captain of the forecastle, who, with a picked crew, would have undertaken to have pulled the boat across his own maelstrom, offered his whack—the sum to his credit on the purser's books, on his discharge,—against a plug of tobacco,—upon the issue, in moderately smooth water; whilst I, with others, had not lost confidence in the strong arms that impelled the "purser's gig;" although I did not incline to make one of her crew in a contest in which old A. proposed to beat the devil, on his own lake of fiery brimstone, with his favorite launch; but A. was excited by the race, and had got a tot of a mixture which assimilated to that "*fire water*," and forgot that his boat was not framed of asbestos; besides, I fear he held his satanic majesty slightly in contempt from the nautical notion that he possesses power over sailors no more within his dominions.

CHAPTER XXII.

Effects of the Race—Suppers and their effects—The stuff that Dreams are made of
—A Scrape in the Typa—Again at Whampoa.

SOME suppers had to be ordered, and somebody had to eat them. Suppers are *spiritless* affairs without wine—nay! I deny the soft impeachment,—no *pun is meant!* And wine came forth at the bidding. Some one observes,

“ You *can call* spirits from the vasty deep!
But *will* they come?”

Let him but whisper the name of one “familiar” of any shade, complexion, or color within the corridors of Francisco Diaz’s mansion for thirsty men, in Macào; and lo! it appears!

His house is haunted; there are *bottle imps* therein. Suppers were eaten at which epicures had not lingered; wine gulped down which would *not* have inspired Anacreon, and segars smoked that Sir Walter Raleigh *might have* relished! Apropos of segars—I should have said cheroots—Manillas scent the Indian air, Havanas have few lips to greet them in the East. Cheroots, then; who is there amongst the masculine dwellers of the land of “*mosquitoes* and myr-

tle," that affects not the gentle cheroot? soft in its fragrance as the sigh of love! cheering in its effects as the presence of woman in the hour of pain! seducing in its influence as the eye of beauty! And whence gains the cheroot its magical properties? Look back, if you please, to chapter twelfth of this moving tale, and there you have it fully explained. It comes from the *hand* of woman! the same that presented the apple to Adam, and the pitcher to Abraham, who in falling or fainting, in laughing or weeping, still infuses the sweetness and acidity that makes the lemonade of life, and in mixing the ingredients "gives it all its flavor!"

"Let the toast be dear woman!" "Hallo, old fellow, thought you were asleep. Had something of a nightmare, eh? Been mumbling away as if the supper didn't agree with you." "Well, your toast, with all the honors, and then to bed." "Agreed."

"Let us go on board ship," proposed a seasoned mate, "the fast boat shoves off at ten." "Agreed, agreed again," was chorused round the table, and "one bottle more" of sparkling champagne being called for, "success to the launch" was drank, and then a majority of the party sought the boat, gained the ship, and turned in. "Let the toast be dear woman," danced through my brain upon sparkling beams of champagne, and the vibration of the nettles in the clews of my hammock plainly said or sung—

"The wine that is mellowed by woman's bright eye,
Outrivals the nectar of Jove."

And I had a dream, which *was* "all a dream." With Byron

in his waking "Dream," "I saw two beings in the hue of youth," and like his lovers, they *were* "standing upon a hill," and "both were young, and one was *beautiful*." I do not know how in fitting words to tell my dream. But as it was similar to his, oh that I could with his language, without the imputation of plagiarism, set down what crossed my sleeping mind. Besides, I have a dread of offending some readers in these transcendental times, when lectures on mysterious subjects are given to married ladies *only*, whose faces would tingle at the mere mention of one of those English classics, from whose fount flowed "the well of English undefiled." But to my dream. It was the age of early manhood, boyhood still lingering on the face of a being who filled my mind until it formed a part of myself. The being described as *beautiful*, oh beautiful as an angel was she! was by his side. Love, full, passionate love, brimmed over in her dark black eye, darker, more dazzling than the gazelle's, which was reflected back from his dark orbs, which took their brightest brilliancy from hers. Over her cheek the rosy god had spread his crimson mantle, and in the dimples of her chin the mischievous boy had found a lurking-place. They walked and talked, and in what phrase? Truly they knew not themselves! and yet each word, each glance, each touch, had a meaning perfectly intelligible. Time passed, but what was time to them, they saw nothing of his beard, heard not the rustling of his ancient wings, his scythe was hidden. The heavens are overcast, thunder rolls above them, and the lightning's glare makes the black fringes of the heavy cloud

more funereal. A shadow, heavy, dense, *material*, interposes, and the boy seeks for his fair companion—but she is gone: “Got to see the hammocks up! six bells, come turn out,” “rouse and bitt,” “show a leg in a purser’s stocking.” “Zounds, how he sleeps,” “where, where, oh where is my hammock boy?” who appeared at my call, and whom I wished at the gangway, that I might have slept on. But turn out I must now—and so turned out my dream.

Other races were upon the *tapis*. The launchers, like brave old Taylor, would not stay beaten, and demanded another trial; they offered to oppose any thing, from the Captain’s gig, down to the dingui—they even wanted to challenge the boats of the whole squadron, and old A., the coxswain, in the true spirit of Rhoderick Dhu, exclaimed, “Come one, come all,” but the regatta was put a stop to, by orders to get out of the Typa, and the men commenced “mud-larking,” as they termed it. The Typa is filling up so rapidly that we never could get out *now* without a *scrape*, and the senior officer perhaps thought it better we should move before we had formed a bar with our beef bones.

So out of the Typa again we got, poised our wings in the outer harbor, and took flight for Whampoa again, and settled down in our old resting place in the “Reach,” on the 11th of October. From here I took another trip to Canton, made a few purchases, as I then supposed it would be our last opportunity. Heard there of an extensive fire which had raged near the factories, in which over five hundred houses had been destroyed. A fire in Canton is a serious

affair, and from the ideas of fatalism which the Chinese entertain, is much dreaded by foreign residents.

Our stay at Whampoa was not marked by any incidents worth noticing, and it is only to keep up the chronological character of my journal, that the trip is introduced.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Anson's Bay—Hong-Kong again—P. & O. Company's hulk takes fire—Escape of Captain's wife—Toong-Koo Bay—Piracy—Fire at Macào—Wolf again at Whampoa—Amateur Theatricals at Canton—Melancholy musings.

FROM Whampoa, came down the river to Anson's Bay and anchored; here held communication with our consort, which went up to the "Reach" to take our place.

Anson's Bay is just outside of the Bogue, and from our anchorage had a fine view of the Forts, some eight or nine being in sight. Tiger Island was also conspicuous, and the formation of a tiger's head quite apparent.

From Anson's Bay took our departure for Hong-Kong, where moored ship on the 19th October.

On the 20th, at about 5 P. M., the Peninsular and Oriental Company's hulk "Fort William," used for storing coal and opium, took fire and burned until 10 o'clock that night, when the fire was got under. Our crew assisted, with buckets from the ship, nearly all of which they managed to lose. The Captain's wife, who lived on board the hulk, had a narrow escape, having to be lowered out of the stern ports.

From Hong-Kong over to Macào, where obtained permission to go into Toong-Koo Bay for the purpose of calking, preparatory to our long voyage home, upon which we

now hoped to be ordered daily ; the rolling in the Roads preventing the possibility of effecting it at Macão.

Toong-Koo Bay is in the Cap-sing-moon passage, and about thirty miles from Hong-Kong. The British fleet rendezvoused here during the war with China.

Were anchored near Sam-sah Island, where tents were pitched and the sick placed in them. Every morning one watch was permitted to go on shore to wash their clothes, &c., until relieved by the other watch, so that there was always a little colony on the island. It was otherwise uninhabited.

Strolling over the island, came upon the ruins of a house and some human bones, and ascending a hill had a splendid view of the bay and surrounding islands. These appeared innumerable, like icebergs in the Antarctic circle, cutting up the bay into intricate channels, and as barren, if not as cold, as those ice islands. Pirates are plentiful in this neighborhood, and one morning, at daylight, Afouke, our fast boatman, brought on board two Chinamen, whom he had picked up swimming. They were badly wounded, and stated that about three o'clock that morning, as they were fishing, they were boarded by pirates, who threw fire-balls amongst them, burning them badly, and forcing them to leap into the water to save their lives, and then took possession of their boats. These waters are infested with pirates, who ostensibly pursue the avocation of fishermen, until an opportunity opens to catch men. The English navy did a great deal towards extirpating them, until their government took away the "head money," and now but few expeditions are fitted out ; although

doubtless the junior officers are as anxious for the service as ever.

The calking completed, reported ourselves at Macào ; but no Commodore appearing, and our coppers being worn out, went over to Hong-Kong to get them repaired. Here we got a mail and news from home which was cheering, and increased our desire to start.

Went through a round of dinners at Hong-Kong, exchanging civilities with officers and citizens, but began to get tired of this kind of thing ; like the schoolboy, *wanted to go home !*

At this time the government of Macào changed again, Cardozo being recalled, and Gruimaraens, commander of the corvette "Don Jooa," superseding him, his *ex-Excellency* departed for Lisbon in the return mail steamer, not much regretted, I understood.

A powder boat laying almost under our bows was robbed, the powder removed, and its keeper carried away, without exciting any attention ; so silently was the act performed.

As we were leaving for Macào, the clipper ship Witchcraft came in, disabled, as I have recorded in a previous chapter.

Whilst at Macào, this time, a very extensive fire occurred, amongst China houses near the Bazaar. About thirty were destroyed, and a great many goods. A silk merchant's loss was considerable. So frightened was the fellow, that he removed his goods into a house that was

afterwards burned, his own shop escaping; literally "jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire."

On the nineteenth of December, ordered again to Whampoa, to relieve our consort, and protect American interests from that imaginary wolf, the rebellion. Christmas day passed by there gloomily, and the new year commenced unprofitably.

Went up to Canton, to witness a theatrical performance, by amateurs, and was delighted. The room was well fitted up, and the appointments excellent. The play was, "The Schoolfellows,"—a beautiful little drama, by Douglas Jerrold, I believe; and it was admirably cast. Mr. Murray as Tom Drops—a good-hearted, liquor-loving *vaut-rien*—was inimitable. He was waiter and hostler to a village inn; and the scene in which he, upon wine being called for by a customer, produces, condemns, and consumes, a bottle of the "*black seal*," was the perfection of acting, the different phases of ebriety were well portrayed, and in the course of the play, additional red patches appeared upon his face, to show the effects of his habits.

Box and Cox was the after-piece; and Mr. Clavering as *Mrs.* Bouncer, was the very beau-ideal of a landlady, "fair, fat, and forty." The prologue was excellent, and well delivered, and the amateur company had just reason to be proud of their performance.

Having been favored with a copy of the opening address, I transcribe it. Of course, it loses much from the effect given by its composer in its delivery.

"Fair ladies, and kind friends, who deign to smile
 On our attempt an hour to beguile,
 I'm hither by the actors sent, to pray
 A gentle judgment on a first Essay.
 They bid me state, their novel situation
 Has set their hearts in such strange perturbation,
 They dare not raise the curtain till they've pleaded
 First, for the pardon will be so much needed.
 I'm shocked to say, it sounds so of the oddest,
 Our ladies want much practice to look modest;
 The rough, strong voice, ill suits with feelings tender,
 And 'tis such work to make their waists look slender!
 As for the men, the case is little better;
 Some, of the dialogue scarce know a letter:
 All unacquainted with each classic rule,
 We feel we've need enough to go to school;
 And trembling stand, afraid to come before ye,
 And of the Schoolfellows to tell the story.
 Yet need this be? I see no critic here;
 No surly newspaper have we to fear;
 Our scenery may be bad, but this is certain,
 Bright decorations are before the curtain,
 Under whose influence, you may well believe,
 We do not sigh for Stanfield, grieve for Grieve!
 Yet not too far to carry innovation,
 And to comply with settled regulation,
 Prompter we have, our memories to ease;
 But our best prompter is, the wish to please.
 Then kindly say, to stumblers in their part,
 What they have *got*, was surely got *by heart*;
 And each, surrounded by his friends, so stands,
 He will meet nought but kindness at their hands."

The Stanfield and Grieve, upon whose names the happy
 alliteration is made, are supposed to be celebrated English
 scene painters. But although the scenery meets with dispar-
 agement in the prologue, yet it was very superior; and the in-

terior of the old schoolhouse, with the names of the boys cut into the oaken pannels of the door, and on which Jasper points out to Horace their initials intertwined, was a perfect picture.

Having gone thus far, I cannot omit a notice of Mr. Benjamin Sears' impersonation of the aged schoolmaster, Cedar. The dignity and simplicity of the character combined, was rendered by him in such a manner as almost to bring back those forgotten tears, drawn forth in olden times by that masterpiece of acting of Harry Placide's, in Grandfather Whitehead.

"Our Ladies," who required so much practice "to *look* modest," had become perfect in that requisite before the up-raising of the curtain; and the young gentlemen cast in those characters sustained them with much tact, and knowledge of the demeanor of well-bred ladies: so much so, indeed, that after they had got through their parts, they were added, still in character, to the galaxy of "decorations before the curtain;" and the only *faux pas* I noticed was by "Marion," who, in being led to her seat in the dress circle, was about to take an unladylike step over an obstruction, which her (?) innate modesty checked with the impulse.

After the performance, all the characters attended a fancy dress ball in their stage costume; and the pseudo ladies found partners in every dance, and won many hearts by their grace and beauty.

Had also a performance in the "Reach," by the crew of H. B. M. steamer Salamander. The larboard side of the forecastle was allotted to them; and they gave a drama

“adapted to their stage,” by one of their number called the “Smuggler,” which they produced with good effect. The performance was, as they gave out, “under the distinguished patronage of the American and Her Majesty’s officers.”

But in spite of all these distractions, our delay was barely supportable ; and watching the course of the muddy river, the following lament was penned :

Oh ! swiftly flows thy dusky tide,
 Dark river, onward to the sea ;
 And little doth thy current bide
 The thousand things that float on thee !

From off thy shore a weed is cast—
 Swiftly, in thy resistless sway,
 In eddying currents, sweeping past,
 'Tis borne, unheeded, far away.

Like thine, the sweeping tide of Time,
 Rolls onward ever to the shore
 Of that uncertain, unknown clime,
 From which it may return no more ;

And on its flow, my brittle life
 Drops down, uncared for, to *that* sea,
 Where, 'midst the dark waves' stormy strife,
 It soon shall sink, and cease to be.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Commodore arrives at last—Preparations for a Start—Delay—Washington's Birthday—The Clipper Challenge—Prisoners from her—Homeward Bound!—Reflections on Leaving—Case of Small-Pox—Second visit to Anger.

THE flag-ship being now daily expected, we unmoored, and came down to Macào, awaiting her arrival in the outer Roads. Lay there, rolling, with occasional trips on shore, until the fourth of February, when the Commodore's broad pendant hove in sight. He anchored in the roads: and after we had reported, ordered us, by signal, to accompany him to Hong-Kong. Here we anchored, and remained until the squadron were all assembled, when we were ordered back to Macào, to take in provisions for the voyage home, and remove the invalids from the hospital. This accomplished, we returned again to the rendezvous, to receive our final orders, which were to relieve us from duty on the station, and send us home!

Were delayed by the investigation of a mutiny on board the American clipper ship Challenge, the ringleaders being then in custody in the Hong-Kong jail, and the case before the United States Consul.

Washington's birthday came round again whilst we remained in the harbor of Hong-Kong, and was celebrated by

our squadron, the guns of which made quite a noise in the ears of the descendants of those who had once denounced him as a rebel.

Took an opportunity to look at the "Challenge." She is an immense vessel, 243 feet long, with 43 feet beam, and over 2,000 tons burthen, but so beautifully proportioned as not to appear above 1,200. Her spars are immense, and she spreads a *cloud* of canvas. Depend upon it, she will not belie her name, but with any kind of a chance, is destined to make a voyage, which she may confidently *challenge* the navies of the world to beat!

On the twenty-fifth of February, the prisoners from the Challenge were sent on board, six in number; and at 6 bells P. M. got up anchor, and fired a parting salute, which was returned by the Commodore, gun for gun. Exchanged cheers with the squadron, made an evolution in the harbor, by way of "salaam," and then stood out, with studding-sails set, homeward bound!

There is a sort of unexpressed concern, a kind of shock, that sets one's heart ajar at leaving even the most unpleasant people and places, says one who ought to know, for he had travelled much, and I could not help agreeing with him, as we took our departure: There was but little to regret in leaving China. I had formed few ties there. The places and people (with but few exceptions), if not unpleasant, were at least indifferent. Yet I must admit this unexpressed and inexpressible concern, as our vessel glided out of the harbor of Hong-Kong, towards home.

But we had a long passage before us, and much water

to sail through, ere we reached our homes. The China and the Java seas had to be traversed ere the Straits of Sunda gave us a passage to the Indian Ocean, whose bosom we had to plough until the southern point of Africa passed, the Atlantic could be pressed by our keel;—and then not the Ocean of our hemisphere: for many degrees of longitude must be tracked, before we could set them down as West; and the imaginary “Line” divided us from the Northern Ocean, in which lay our port.

Took our departure from the “Ladrone Islands” at 8 o’clock on the night of the twenty-fifth, and the next day at meridian, we had made 128 miles on a S. S. West course. Weather fine; beautiful, easy sailing, with the wind abeam.

On the twenty-seventh, wind hauled ahead, and we only got eighty-eight miles out of the ship in the last twenty-four hours; and for the last two days of February had a dead beat—a thing altogether unlooked for in the China Sea at this season.

On Thursday, eleventh of March,—sea time,—at meridian, we were thirteen miles south of the Line, in long. $107^{\circ} 22' 55''$ east; being the third time of our “crossing” it. A few days previous to this a case of small-pox had broken out, one of the prisoners having contracted the disease in Hong-Kong, where it had been raging to some extent. This was rather a serious matter in a small and crowded ship at sea; but he, being placed in the lee quarter boat, and a strong N. E. monsoon then prevailing, after a while recovered, no contagion having been communicated to the ship’s company.

The Island of Saint Barbe was passed on the morning of the last date. It is a beautiful island, uninhabited, and as near the line as can be.

On St. Patrick's day, 17th March, came to anchor at An-ger, where we stopped for a supply of water and wood. I have described this place in an earlier chapter, and on landing found the town without much change. The Banyan tree still there, with the Dutch flag above it, and the string of half clad Malays on their usual walk between it and the Bazaar. The former mansion of the Governor had been destroyed by fire, and a new Governor had been installed, who occupied the house formerly used as a hotel. He was absent on official duty, but his Secretary did the honors of reception.

Naturally looking round for our old friend, the Dutch landlord, found him in a smaller house, his only customer; had expected to have heard that he had fallen a victim to his love for "schnapps," but here he was as blooming as ever, and as much addicted to his national liquor—certainly gin appeared to have agreed with him.

Took possession of his quarters at once, and ordered a supper, of which some *slap-jacks* was the only dish eatable. Composed ourselves for the night, on a mattress hauled from his own bed, with expectation of a more comfortable breakfast, which, with the addition of eggs, and the omission of slap-jacks, was a fac-simile of the evening meal.

There was one thing peculiar about the eggs, which I would recommend be introduced into the United States, viz., to have the date of the time in which they were laid marked

upon the shell, as he had, only proposing that the marker be sworn as to the correctness of the date; in which case the Dutchman would have perjured himself, I fear.

Had a splendid bath, by favor of the Secretary, in the Governor's bath-house, which was large enough to swim in, and constantly supplied with fresh water by the same aqueduct that brings it to the shipping. Our compradore gave us a treat of mangusteens, delicious fruit, and then the cornet being hoisted at the fore, the signal for sailing, repaired on board, having spent twenty-four hours very pleasantly again at Anger.

CHAPTER XXV.

No Musquitoes at Anger—The Land of the East—A Sketch—Advantages of Anger
—Dolce-far-Niente—Island of Java—Batavia—Bantam—Comparison between
Anger and Singapore.

A PECULIARITY about Anger is, that there are no musquitoes there, and very few of the noxious vermin that destroy the romance of tropical climes. It does very well in poetry, to pen, in pretty phrase, the query of your acquaintance with the

“Land of the orange and myrtle ;”

but they are more than *poetically* “emblems of *deeds* that are done in their clime,” and gastric derangement from the former fruit, with cutaneous affections from the sweet-scented vine, are not the only proofs of a change in the properties of the Garden of Eden. “*Latet anguis in herba*,” of the most inviting natural lawn, and of its gayest flowers, truly has the poet said, “the trail of the serpent is over them all.” The East is called the “land of the sun,” and justly too, for he reigns supreme there, and if you defy his power, soon brings you to your senses, or rather deprives you of them, by a *coup de soleil*. Evading his beams you seek the covert of a grateful shade, where the spreading palm, with parasol-like

leaves, forms romantic shelter, the cocoa-nut in its triple cluster hanging invitingly in its crotch; away high up upon its straight and graceful stem, birds of magnificent plumage are flitting from tree to tree, making the grove vocal with their notes; monkeys, mischievous, but not considered dangerous, dance overhead upon the boughs, and with comic antics provoke a smile. With gentle breezes wafting perfumes such as Gouraud never was gladdened with in his most happy ambrosial dreams, and glimpses of the blue sky, seen partially through the waving foliage, which gently moves with a composing sound, reminding you that "Heaven is above all," you close your eyes, about to sink into the arms of the "twin sister" of that mysterious deity, who bears you thither, when—wiss-s-rattle, crack—down comes a cocoa-nut, denting the ground within two inches from whence you had just jerked your happy head, which had it hit would have transferred you from the arms of one "twin" to the other; and a malicious monkey scampers off chattering and grinning, as if he had performed a feat worthy of his prototype—man!

"Oh know you the land of the orange and myrtle?" where the Thug crawls cautiously with his strangling cord, and the tiger welcomes you with his feline fangs!

But Anger—please pronounce it softly, as if written thus, Anjeer—Anger is not so bad as described in the foregoing sketch; as I have stated, there are no musquitoes there, and you are not much troubled with those bumping, buzzing bugs, who "put out the light, and then put out *their* light." Lizards crawl over the walls and ceilings, but they are harmless, and catch flies. I do not know how it is, and it may be thought a

strange taste, but I rather affection the lizard. His frugal habits, his unobtrusive manners, and that cunning blink of his bright black eyes, have taken away that aversion which is a natural sentiment towards that species of animals "which crawl upon the belly;" and upon the whole, must confess I consider him, despite his ugly tail, a very proper *domestic* animal; more so than many other gluttonous pets.

Tigers, it is true, are said to prowl about at night, seeking something to devour, but I never encountered one, else I might not have been here to write about them. Crocodiles infest the stream that winds around and about the Malay houses. But they do not appear to hold them in dread, for I have seen men, women, children and crocodiles in the same water, and at the same time. That they, the crocodiles, are not converts to Malthus, is pretty apparent, from the number of *tender* infants they permit to be added to the census of the Malay population.

Upon the whole, there was something about Anger peculiarly pleasing to me; whether that it had been the "first of Eastern lands" I had trodden upon, or there could have been any thing conducive to the "*dolce-far-niente*" feeling in its atmosphere, but I felt as if I could have laid back and smoked segars in Mynheer's porch for the remainder of my days—

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot."

Don't know how long the feeling would have lasted had I indulged it *ad libitum*; but I certainly did enjoy the few

hours passed there in a kind of dreamy abstraction, which approached the pleasure of the opium-eater's reverie.

The Island of Java, sometimes called "Great," on account of Balie having once been called by the same name, is nearly five hundred miles in length, and a place of considerable importance in the commercial world; that part of it occupied by the Dutch, producing coffee, rice, and "straits produce." Batavia, the principal settlement, is a city of considerable importance, only about sixty miles by land from Anger, a communication being kept up by post between the two places. It is described as a very populous and beautiful city, but of a climate, at certain seasons, deadly to Europeans. The Governor-General of the Dutch possessions in the East Indies, resides at Batavia, and it is the *dépôt* of the Dutch trade. It is well known that the English possessed themselves of this place after the provinces had declared war against Great Britain, and lost more men during its short occupancy, by disease, than by the casualties of war. Bantam is also neighboring to Anger, with which a post route is also kept up; it was once a place of considerable importance, but has fallen into decay, Batavia obtaining its trade, and rising upon its ruins.

Anger itself, from its advantageous position in the Straits of Sunda, with an enterprising population, might become a place of considerable importance, and rival in time its neighbor, Singapore, in the Straits of Malacca. It is now the stopping place for nearly every vessel passing through these Straits for water and provisions, and there is nothing to prevent its becoming an emporium for the products of this fer-

tile Island, excepting the short-sighted policy of the Dutch, who wishing to centre all the trade at Batavia, force the merchantmen to a sickly city for the pepper, coffee, rice, &c., raised upon it. Nothing is allowed to be exported from Anger, and when we wished to procure some coffee for use on board ship, found it only could be obtained in an underhand manner. If the English when they took possession of the island, had but made a settlement and retained this point, they would have found it greatly to their advantage, even more profitable than Sincapore.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Pass through Sunda Strait—H. B. M. S. Rattler—Catch the Trades—A learned opinion on Diaries—Extracts from Diary—Isle of France—Its Romance—Bourbon—Mauritius—Cape of Good Hope—Description—Trouble in getting in—Table Bay and Mountain.

IN passing through the Straits, after leaving Anger, H. B. M. screw propeller "Rattler" went up on her way to China. Did not envy her officers, nor feel at all inclined to exchange with them.

Ran out of the Straits with a fine leading wind, taking our departure from Java-Head at early daylight on the morning of the 19th of March; struck the "trades" at once, and held them to the 28th, when had made 1550 miles.

The distance run, by log, from Hong-Kong to Anger, was just nineteen hundred forty-five and three-fourth miles, making us at that time exactly three thousand four hundred and ninety-six on our way home. This was done in a little over thirty days, including stoppage.

The learned Baron of Verulam has said: "It is a strange thing in sea voyages, when there is nothing to be seen but sea and sky, that men should make diaries, and omit them in land travel, as if chance were fitter to be registered than observation." Now I have made my diary, both at sea and on shore, and copy from it:

At Sea, Sunday, April 11th, 1852.—Have now run down to the southward of the Island of Madagascar, and are in the same longitude, having passed the Isle of France, or the “Mauritius,” and Bourbon safely. Hurricanes prevail off these islands, but we have only had one small blow. Last Sunday caught a shark, about seven feet and a half long. Some of the men ate part of him.

Beautiful “Isle of France,” degraded into Mauritius by the Dutch in honor of their Stadtholder Maurice, but made celebrated by the pen of Bernardin St. Pierre, as the scene of the life, loves and “fate of Paul and Virginia, and consecrated by their tomb!” Creative power of genius, thus to constitute an insignificant island, far, far away amongst the distant waves of the Indian Ocean, a shrine to which pilgrims shall resort in honor of true and young and ill-starred love!

Bourbon, too, the Island of Rëunion—happy nomenclature—has also pleasant associations connected with its name.

Madagascar, however, from its importance, is worthy of a passing notice. It is one of the largest islands known. It covers, in the Indian Ocean, the spaces between latitudes 12° and 25° degrees south, and the longitudes 43° and 51° east of London; at a close calculation, has been found to fill up a superficies of over two hundred thousand square miles;—equal in extent to the Pyrenean peninsula, composed of Spain and Portugal. It has been but little explored; but treaties have been made with its reigning powers by both Great Britain and the United States.

Monday, April 19th.—At sea, in latitude $35^{\circ} 13'$, about one degree south of the Cape. Have been prevented from making entries in diary by rough weather, and heartily joined the schoolmaster in his wish, that “if Britannia ruled the waves, she would bring them more parallel to the “*Line* !”

Sunday, April 25th, 1852.—Are now off the Cape of Good Hope, called by its discoverer, Diaz, Cabo Tormentoso, or the Tormenting Cape, from the storms he encountered in its latitude. And well was it named, too, in our case ; for here we are, with a wind right in our teeth, trying to beat up to Table Bay, and chasseeing to the Cape, as if to a stationary partner.

Just sixty days from China, and have run by reckoning seven thousand one hundred and forty-five miles,—our course giving us five thousand one hundred and ninety-four and one-half miles from Anger.

On Friday night last, while becalmed off Cape Agulhas, caught a number of very fine fish on the Agulhas banks. One kind was called “Cape Salmon ;” another species was known at Cape Town by the name of “King Clip.”

On last Sunday, had made our calculations to be in Cape Town on the ensuing Tuesday, from the fine wind we had ; but if we get in by next Tuesday, shall consider ourselves fortunate. Can appreciate the situation of Mynheer Vanderdecken now, and his anxiety to forward letters by passing vessels. Shall take advantage of the steamer for England, at Cape Town, to forward some myself ; which have hopes will be more fortunate in reaching their destina-

tion than the dispatches of the Flying Dutchman, passing there, as they will, through the Colonial Post Office.

The Cape of Good Hope is not the most extreme point of Southern Africa, the before-mentioned Algulhas extending farther into the Southern Ocean. Cape Town is to the westward of the Cape, upon an indentation called Table Bay.

But I will now resume my diary, as we are approaching a place proper for it to be kept, according to the learned Lord Bacon. The next date is,

Southern Atlantic Ocean, May 3d, 1852.—Since last entry have been into Table Bay, for water, and have been on shore at Cape Town. Are now, as above, in latitude $30^{\circ} 24'$ south, with the wind dead aft, heading up the Atlantic for home: and from our last departure, begin to say at last, "We're homeward bound!"

On Monday last, April 26th, came to anchor in Table Bay about 5 P. M., having spent that and the previous day in trying to get in.

The approach to Cape Town is interesting; Table Mountain, with its extensive flat top, forming a prominent feature.

Before you round the point, which shuts in the anchorage, and excludes a view of the town, leaving only the heavy brow of this mountain visible, you pass along a coast composed of a long sloping hill in the proportions of a lion couchant. It extends eastwardly and westwardly, and the "Lion's Head" is first seen as you approach from the eastward. Upon the mount called thus, is a large rock, very similar in appearance to the outlines of a sculptured lion, of

the Egyptian style of carving. The hill gradually diminishing, makes a good representation of the mane and hinder parts of a reposing lion; on what is distinguished as "the Rump," is a signal station: along the part forming the flanks are distributed beautiful country-seats: rounding "the Rump," the town is visible, with Table Bay, and shipping.

Table Bay in itself is not very imposing; is a bad roadstead, and vessels intending to make any stay at the colony, go round to Simon's Bay, which is a safe roadstead within the larger one called False Bay. Numerous windmills along the shore are remarkable objects, and prove the scarcity of water to grind the corn. It is a feature in the economy of Southern Africa, that streams, which are torrents at one season, become almost dry beds in the other.

Table Mountain, with the well laid out town at its base, flanked by "Devil's Peak" and "Lion's Head," makes a majestic, natural frame to a beautiful landscape. This singular mountain, before whose noble proportions the works of man sink into insignificance,—his dwellings appearing, from its summit, mere ant-hills,—is 3,582 feet above the level of the ocean; and for one thousand or more feet from its top descends on the north-east side perpendicularly, whilst the flat appearance of its lengthened surface completes the resemblance to the piece of furniture from which it receives its *soubriquet*.

The long even line, cutting the sky at right angles, was very pretty to look at while I was there. But a few weeks after, when Æolus spreads "the cloth," and invites the winds

to a feast, then let the mariner, whose vessel may be caught in the bay beneath, beware. Forth from their revels they rush over its precipitous sides, and ships become their playthings, and man their prey !

CHAPTER XXVII.

Land at Cape Town—Hotels and Widows—Drive to Constantia—Description of Drive—Price of Wine—Manumission of Slaves—Seasons at the Cape—The Town through a Microscope, &c. &c.

LANDED at Cape Town on a fine jetty, which projects some distance into the bay. This, with another about a mile above, are the only landing places. Stopped at "Parke's Hotel," at its head. This is kept by a widow lady, and a spruce dandy of a mulatto superintends its internal arrangements in the capacity of steward. There are two other hotels,—“The Masonic,” and “Welch's,”—and a clubhouse. I believe all the houses of entertainment here have widows at their head—Sam Weller's injunction needed here—“Parke's” I know to be; “Welch's,” I think, is; and two “Widows,” at least in name, being man and wife with that appellation, spread forth the good things at “The Masonic;” and I have heard there are no *bereavements* there.

After a fine bath,—my first care in every port,—took a stroll through the town. There is at the head of the street, on which the hotel was situated, a splendid wide avenue, planted with rows of majestic oaks, their branches meeting overhead. This extends over one mile; on one side of it is the Governor's Palace and grounds, cut off from vulgar feet

by a moat, or walled ditch, and accessible by a small draw-bridge from the avenue. Opposite is a Botanical Garden.

With a party from the ship, hired a splendid barouche and team, and drove out to "Constantia," about thirteen miles, where the wine is made. It is a most beautiful drive, lined on either side by English country-houses, with surrounding grounds, intersected by broad avenues, smooth roads and walks, with green lawns spreading out around them, covered with close-clipped oak trees.

The drive was rather dusty, which somewhat detracted from its pleasure; but a shower of rain opportunely coming up, made the return more agreeable.

Passed through a number of villages, among them Wynberg,—a flourishing, pretty place. Saw a great number of school-houses and churches; but taverns, "licensed to sell spirituous liquors," as appeared upon their signs, were most numerous on this road. A small chapel was being built, which, from its dimensions, supposed to be of the *established* church, and no increase of congregation expected.

Visited the Vinery of S. Van Renen & Co., High Constantia. Was well received, although the coachman drove us to the wrong place; and we handed him a letter addressed to a Mr. Colyin, a neighbor, thinking it to be his place.

The grape season was over: wine had been all pressed and stowed away. They gather the grape in March, but it is allowed to become almost a raisin on the stem before it is plucked. Tasted these wines; found them sweet and

luscious, too much so for my palate. This peculiar flavor is caused by the condition of the grape when pressed.

Prices of Constantia in Cask.

Copied from a Table on the Card of S. Van Renen & Co.

	19 Gallons.	10 Gallons.	5 Gallons.
Pontac Constantia,.....	£14	£8	£5
Frontignac "	10	6	4
White "	9	5	3
Red "	9	5	3

M. Van Renen, whom we found on the premises, after exhibiting the different wines, took us over the place, and showed us a collection of the different aborigines of South Africa, in statuary. There were Kaffirs, Hottentots, Fingoes, Betjouanas, and Boschmen. M. V. deprecated the abolition of slavery as a great injury to the agriculturists and vine-growers of the colony. They can get no one to perform any continuous labor, and whilst at one time his establishment kept eighty able-bodied men at work, would find it difficult to get three now whom they could depend upon. Living in a climate where clothing beyond the demands of decency is scarcely needed, and where the products of labor for two days will support the careless negro for one week, naturally improvident, he takes no heed for the morrow, and becomes lazy, idle, and intemperate; and when he can be persuaded to work, with the prospect of high wages, wherewith to purchase that necessary stimulus which has already nearly deprived him of his capacities, as soon as he can obtain them he rushes to the grog shop, from whence he may not be expected to return

until his wants compel him again to his intermittent labor.

The colonists, especially the agricultural part of them, complain bitterly of hasty legislation in depriving them of slave labor. They had offered to submit to a gradual manumission, so that by degrees they might be able to supply the place of the negro operatives, but the English government would set them free at once, and the result has been injurious to the freedman and ruinous to the farmer. Was told that land could be purchased about Constantia at the low rate of *one shilling the acre*, altogether owing to the inability to procure labor to cultivate it; and to bring about this state of things here and elsewhere, some £20,000,000 was expended!

Returning from Constantia, our spanking team of four well proportioned iron grays, attracted considerable attention. It ought to have, for the expense of its hire was two pounds ten shillings. Stopped at the "Crown Inn," upon the road, for refreshments, and on handing a ragged little urchin a shilling for his voluntary service of standing at the door of our barouche, on starting off were saluted by a hiss for our generosity. A greater *douceur* was expected from the drivers of such a magnificent turnout.

The road, a greater part of it, was a turnpike, very even and smooth; paid toll, one shilling. Drove through an avenue of large oak trees, their topmost branches meeting overhead, to the extent of one fourth of a mile, forming a fine shade in summer. The seasons, of which there are but two, winter and summer, are reversed in Southern Africa;

July being a cool month, and Christmas coming in *midsummer* at the Cape.

Returned to dinner at the hotel at seven o'clock, and ate some splendid Cape mutton. The caudal arrangements of the sheep at the Cape bear a great similarity to those at Shanghai.

After supper set out for a walk, in which were disappointed by a shower. It rains only in the winter season here, but heavy dews in the summer make up this deficiency of nature's nourishment, and the colony is carpeted with herbage of the most delicious fragrance, so that the paths of the colonists may then be said to be strewn with flowers.

The winters at the Cape are extremely mild; no snow falls there; and if at night ice is formed, it does not long withstand the rays of the sun. The season corresponds in its general features with our autumn. In the interior the winters are said to be more severe, and streams are sometimes frozen over.

Although it was the first winter month, in M. Van Renen's orange grove at Constantia, the trees were so laden with the Hesperian fruit, that their limbs were bent to the ground and many broken. Saw there also, pomegranates, liquots, rose apples, and a variety of tropical fruits, some ready to pluck, others in different stages of ripening.

Up betimes the next morning for a walk through Cape Town. Streets wide and clean, principally paved or macadamized. No banquettes; porches project in front of the houses, covering the *trottoir*, and pedestrians are forced into the middle of the street. That Hibernian must have been

an emigrant to Cape Town, who remarked that "the middle of the street was the *best side* of the way."

The houses, however, present a fine appearance externally; they are usually about three stories in height, and being stuccoed, are painted in imitation of free-stone. Their tops are flat, to which their occupants repair to spend the remainder of the evening after their late dinners. There is a freshness about the place which is quite reviving after many days at sea, and was particularly pleasant to us, who had seen nothing but filthy Chinese towns for two years and upwards; Hong-Kong having been the nearest approach to a civilized community we had visited during the cruise, and even there the "long-tailed pig-eyed Celestial" predominated.

The parade ground is an extensive oblong space running along the strand, with a ditch dividing it from Strand-street. It has a border of a double row of fine flowering trees, and must be a delightful place for a stroll on a summer evening.

The Commercial Exchange and Library rooms are upon it, fronting the principal street; and back of the Exchange is a rough brick and mortar pillar to mark the spot where Sir J. Herschell, the astronomer, made his observations.

Near the parade ground, and facing it, are the barracks, *manned* at that time by women, their husbands, the soldiers, having been shipped off to Kaffir land. By the way, a terrible accident had occurred a few weeks before our arrival, to her Britannic Majesty's steamer Berkenhead, employed in transporting troops up the coast, to the war. She struck

upon "Point Danger," and going down almost immediately, four out of five hundred of those on board were drowned.

I was told that only about eighty men had been left to garrison the town, and that a panic had lately been gotten up, from fears of a rising of the colored population. The lazy negroes, whom England, in her mistaken philanthropy, had liberated, not being compelled to work, chose to rob and steal.

The Custom-house, an unpretending building, with the letters and numerals G. IV. R. over its portals, is also on Strand-street, fronting the "Parade."

Early on the last morning ashore took a walk to the new market on the outskirts of the town, where the wholesale farmers bring their produce by teams drawn by from ten to fifteen yoke of oxen. These animals are the most suitable beasts for draught I have ever seen. With their long legs they get over the ground nearly as fast as a horse, in a walk, and, when required, go off in a fine, easy, and not ungraceful trot. They bring in immense loads, and come a great distance, over mountainous ways. The wagons they draw resemble those known as the Conestoga, on many of which noticed a projection astern something like a poop, serving as a sleeping cabin for the owners and drivers. In meeting these teams on the road, one at first imagines them to be a drove of beeves, but is soon undeceived by the crack of the lash—"long as the maintop-bowline"—striking against the side of a lagging bullock.

The new market is walled in, with gateways at either side to admit these teams, which, when they enter, and the

wagon has been placed in a line with others, are outspanned, that is, detached; and form an immense herd in front of the wagons, the line of which, with the wall of the market place, make a complete *corral*.

The reason why I call these farmers wholesale, is, that all the produce brought by them is disposed of by lot to the highest bidders, according to "rise and fall" by auctioneers, who regularly attend for this purpose.

Met a number of this gentry hurrying to their duties on my return, having been too early to witness the auction. Hucksters receive their supplies in this manner, which they retail to the citizens—an extra tax, I should suppose, upon the honest burghers, from whose pockets must eventually be drawn the amount paid as commission to the auctioneers.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Settlement of Cape Town—Its productions—The Kaffir War—Latest dispatches—Cause of the Rebellion—Description of the Kaffir by the Traveller—Opinion of him by the Resident—Authority of prominent men—Observatory, &c.

WITHIN larger limits I would willingly indulge in a more extended description of Southern Africa, which is set down by geographers as the “Cape Region;” but as each day now diminishes our cruise, so does each chapter deprive me of space for digression, and I must confine myself to the Cape Colony, or more properly speaking, to Cape Town and its environs.

The town is in latitude $33^{\circ} 55' 30''$ south, and as the Observatory has been decided to be in longitude $18^{\circ} 29'$, and is distant three miles and a quarter from the town, due east, it would be placed $18^{\circ} 25' 45''$ east longitude.

The Cape of Good Hope, which is *not* the extremity of Southern Africa, as some geographers have it—“Lagullas” protruding further into the Indian Ocean—was discovered by Bartholomew Diaz in 1486, who gave it the name of the “Tormenting Cape,” as previously stated, which was afterwards changed into its present title by the far-seeing Emanuel, and the hopes he then entertained of his navigators reaching the rich shores of the far “Inde,” were made good by Vasco de Gama, eleven years after its discovery. The

Dutch made their settlement here in 1652, of which they were deprived by the English in 1795, who afterwards restored it to them by treaty at Amiens, in 1802. Eventually it was ceded to Great Britain in 1815. The colony is quite extensive, and would be very productive but for numerous local causes which impede its growth. One of these has been named in the system of labor; but the most important impediment is want of unanimity amongst the settlers themselves. The Dutchman clinging to his ancient customs and habits, which are an abomination in the eyes of the Englishman; and the natives having been once subjected to the tender mercies of the white man, not understanding the use of freedom, or the benefits of self-government, live literally from "hand to mouth," in constant dread of recapture, and being forced, under the eyes of intelligent masters, to properly support themselves.

But even with these drawbacks the colony may be said to be flourishing, and when the Kaffir war is ended, and the Kat River rebellion put down, numerous fertile valleys will be open to the squatter, and contribute from their luxuriant bosoms bountiful supplies of wealth to the colony.

The principal productions of the Cape are grain of all kinds, and the grapes from which the Constantia wines are made. The specimen of wheat which I saw, was certainly superior to any I had ever seen in the United States, and an intelligent merchant there informed me that it is considered the best in the world. From the number of pounds he said it would weigh to a bushel, and its clean large grain, should think it the most profitable to the grower.

When we were at the Cape, the Kaffir war was dragging its slow length along. The troops had been pushed into Kaffraria, and the latest news from the scene of operations appeared in the Government Gazette, published by authority on the 22d April, 1852. Dispatches had been received from camp up to the 4th of that month. Major-General the Hon. George Cathcart, with the local rank of Lieutenant-General, having superseded Sir Harry G. W. Smith, was in command. The campaign was on the Kei; and Lieutenant-Colonel Eyre, 73d regiment, following a spoor of cattle, had captured 1,220 head of Gaika cattle, mostly cows, and fifteen horses.

He had several skirmishes with the enemy, who came forth in considerable numbers to protect their herds. Major Armstrong's passage of the Kei, and charge, is spoken of in warm terms of commendation. In this affair the Kaffirs numbered about 500, of whom 100 were mounted. The gallant Major's command, including himself, was 100; with these he crossed the river under a heavy fire, and dispersed five times his number.

A general order had been published at head-quarters, King William's Town, dated 6th April, 1852, in which the Commander-in-Chief congratulates the army on the prospect of a speedy termination of the war, and states that the troops then occupied every stronghold in the Amatolas, and it was impossible the enemy could retain a footing, so closely was he pursued in every direction. Notwithstanding this cheering announcement, I fear this Kaffir war will resemble in its pursuance and general features our Florida campaigns, although the officers engaged in it will receive more credit

than our own ; and if their duties are arduous in chasing the Hottentots over mountains, and through rugged defiles, yet they have the advantage of a healthy field of operations, and can bivouac on the mountain ridge, or amongst the green valleys, whilst our troops had to seek their damp beds amidst the miasmatic everglades, or more pestiferous marsh. Again, the Kaffirs do occasionally make a stand, and some very severe actions have taken place between them and the British troops.

This war was caused by a rebellion of a portion of the Hottentots of the Kat River settlement, at Fort Beaufort, and the Theopolis Missionary establishment, in Albany. It is supposed to have originated because of the application of stringent vagrant laws, and from apprehensions of being again forced into slavery. It is carried on on the eastern frontier of the country. The above are the surmised causes, but there are thought to have been other motives. A representative from one of the eastern districts, stated in his place in the Legislative Council, that he considered the rebellion to be a *national movement*, that all the documents found in the rebel camps were exhortations to stand up in the defence of their nation. "General Orders" had been found which had been scattered over a country 500 miles in extent, and these call upon the colored men to unite and drive the white men into the sea, "of which they are the scum."

Sir Andrew Stockenstrom, from the Kat River settlement, called the rebellion "a Riddle," and the Hon. John Montague, Secretary to Government, ascribes the hostile feelings of the Hottentots, to an idea that they are to be made

slaves. One gentleman asks in relation to the subject: "What do we know of the rebellion? Why it was only the other day that an officer of the Government was brought to Cape Town, a prisoner for rebellion!"

A commission, appointed by her Majesty the Queen, consisting of Major Hogge and Mr. Owen, had not then commenced their investigations.

There were some Kaffirs in Cape Town, sent in as witnesses, but did not see them. The following is Barrow's description of this people: "They are tall, robust, and muscular, and distinguished by a peculiar firmness of carriage. Some of them were six feet ten inches, and so elegantly proportioned that they would not have disgraced the pedestal of the Farnese Hercules." Further on, he states: "The natives of Kaffraria, if taken collectively, are perhaps superior, in point of figure, to the inhabitants of any other country on earth; they are indeed exempt from many of those causes which, in civilized society, tend to debilitate and impede the growth of the human body. Their diet is perfectly simple, their exercise conducive to health, and the air they breathe salubrious. Strangers to the licentious appetites which frequently proceed from a depraved imagination, they cheerfully receive the bounteous gifts of nature, and when night sways her ebon sceptre o'er the scene,

'Sweetly composed the weary shepherd lies,
Though through the woods terrific winds resound,
Though rattling thunder shakes the vaulted skies,
Or vivid lightning runs along the ground.'"

After that read the opinions held of them in Cape Town.

I make the extracts from the published debates of the Legislative Council of the colony, in assembly there. The Secretary to Government says : " We have before us the most remarkable fact, that hundreds of these people on the frontier, who had lived with the farmers, many of them ten or twelve, and even a greater number of years, suddenly, and without the *smallest provocation*, turned round and murdered them, or turned them out of their houses with hardly a rag upon them, destroyed their property, and walked over to the enemy." Hardly a man who speaks of them, that does not complain of their pilfering propensities; the farmers grievously as regards their sheep.

There were at one time some 800 rebels at Fort Hare ; a great number were allowed to depart. Some 3 or 400 were thrown into a regiment and armed ; 50 only of the 800 were convicted. This black regiment became so dangerous, after all the confidence bestowed upon them, that their officers would not go out with them, fearing more to be shot by their own men than the enemy. Shortly after they were found sending ammunition in large quantities to the rebels, and had to be disbanded. One of the members of the Council contended that the Kaffir and the Hottentot (they appeared, indeed, to make little distinction between them) are not to be purchased with favors, or conciliated by constitutional privileges ; in his own forcible language, " I feel that no man of experience with regard to the Kaffir and Hottentot, will come to such a conclusion. Like the wild fox, they may, indeed, accept your favors and concessions, but it is only to await a more favorable opportunity of seizing their prey."

Mr. Godlonton, from those provinces, asserted that *idleness* had been the bane and ruin of the colored classes of the colony, and in the eastern provinces has led to rebellion, anarchy, robbery, and murder."

To prove that I have not made my assertions in a previous page, in regard to the condition of the colored population, and the little benefit conferred upon them by emancipation, hastily and without authority, I quote the opinions of many of the best informed men of the colony, which have the greater weight as coming from persons whose positions placed them above the power of petty prejudices.

A Mr. Stegman gives in evidence that a portion of the Hottentots who went from Cape Town, were in communication with the rebels in the field, and at one time hesitated whether they should use their arms against them, or her Majesty's troops.

Mr. Cock stated, in debate, that within his own knowledge, there was a general fear of the colored races in the eastern districts of the Cape Colony, and he fears that the seeds of disaffection, if not rebellion, are deeply sown within their breasts, and that, if they saw any probability that her Majesty's troops would be subdued, they would at once go over to the rebels; and after asking what has brought this state of things about—what led to the war on the frontier—the desolation of some of the finest districts—desecration of their homesteads, and the spilling of the best blood of the colonists—attributes it to the want of a firm and efficient government.

In relation to the Hottentots enrolled in the Western

provinces, it is stated that when they went into the field under Colonel Mackinnon, and were attacked near the Amatola, they were saved from destruction by the interposition of the seventy-third regiment.

A gentleman, who is called a "native foreigner," thus expresses himself: "I know the Hottentot character well, as well as any man in the colony. I am a colonist born, and I believe from my soul, that it will be the most *dangerous* experiment ever made to allow these men to vote under a franchise amounting to universal suffrage."

The Secretary of Government stated: "We had nearly a rebellion here (at Cape Town), amongst the same class of colored people as those at the East, and although the panic had partially subsided, the hostile disposition of that class against the whites had assuredly not." So much for the fidelity of, and the confidence reposed in, the colored classes of the Cape Colony.

The population of the Cape is heterogeneous; composed of Dutch, English, French, Germans, Malays, Hottentots, emancipated Slaves, Betjouanas, Fingoes, and others coming under the name of native foreigners; which, I take it, means the same as the West India word "*creole*"—one born of European parents in a colony. The Dutch, as being the earliest settlers, are most numerous, of those laying claims to white blood; but all the power is in the hands of the English, of course, who are too quick-witted for the phlegmatic "Boer," the term they apply to the Hollander. After the French and Germans, a small proportion, and the few Malays now left, comes the Hottentot—the Aborigine. With them

are enumerated the other colored races, as having the mark of degradation stamped by the Almighty upon the first-born of mankind. The "emancipated slaves," having, with a few exceptions, originally sprung from that race, have been but little raised in the scale of humanity, during their term of servitude to the Dutch.

Wished much to have visited the celebrated Observatory, but understood its interior had been destroyed by fire, a few weeks before. There are many constellations seen at the Cape not visible elsewhere.

Was disappointed also in examining the Library; I wanted to overhaul the celebrated Cape Records, said to be interesting.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A Death on board—Our Freight—Extracts from Diary—St. Helena and Napoleon
—The Trades—Poetical idea of a starry Telegraph—Good Sailing.

ONE of the invalids, whom we were bringing home from the squadron, died and was buried at Cape Town. Poor fellow, he was never destined to see his native land again. His disease, consumption, with the usual tendency of that complaint, made rapid advances as we drew near land. He had resigned himself to die, and his repeated wish was that we might reach the Cape before he should breathe his last; that he might feel assured of resting in consecrated ground. He was of the Catholic faith, and had his wish, for a priest of his religion attended his remains to their last resting-place, where the seagull swoops, on the shores of the "stormy Cape."

On leaving the Cape, our ship presented the appearance of a vessel engaged by naturalists to bring home specimens; and the botanical department was represented by boxes containing specimens of sugar-cane placed in the quarter, stern boats, and on the poop. Monkeys, belonging to the men, made a menagerie on the booms. Others of the genus *simia* were stationed in the tops; an aviary composed of cockatoos, Cape parrots, Java sparrows, minas, &c., was dispersed

through different messes; whilst indigenous animals, such as rats, mice, cockroaches and ants, had their appropriate haunts.

Fifth of May.—"Rolling down to St. Helena," as the sailors' song has it. Have passed the latitude of *Angra Pequena*, on the African coast, where Martin Diaz the Portuguese navigator erected a cross, and gave it the additional title of Santa Cruz. This emblem is said to have been lately overthrown by an English merchant captain. I can imagine the Goth, bloated with beer, and vomiting forth strange oaths!

May the 10th.—Still heading for St. Helena, which calculate on making within three days. Have caught the "trades," but indeed have had winds answering their purpose ever since we left the Cape, having had them generally aft.

On the 13th of May at 10 h. 30 m. made the loom of the Island of St. Helena, bearing N. N. E. per compass, passed it about thirty miles to windward, just twelve days and a half from the Cape, within the average passage.

Helena, lone hermit of the ocean, saddened by the memory of Napoleon, its involuntary hermit. But the dead lion no longer reposes there; his remains have been transferred to one of his own splendid monuments in unfaithful but now penitent Paris; and the spirit of prophecy must have prompted the pen of Byron to write, long before the event took place—

"France shall yet demand his bones!"

May 19th.—In latitude $8^{\circ} 50'$ south, $19^{\circ} 33'$ west longitude, approaching the line; have had fine trades; now getting light; weather warm, and fine; for the last few days summer clothing in demand.

Sunday, 23d of May.—Trade wind still holds on; three sail in sight; one passed across our bows bound to the southward and westward, and showed Dutch colors.

Thursday, 27th May, 1852.—Crossed the line last night in about longitude 34° west; are now in the northern Atlantic, and fairly in our own hemisphere; have hit the same day of the month to cross it, in returning; going out the 26th of February, 1850, and coming back the 26th of May, 1852. What has passed in the interval! Is it not faithfully recorded on these pages?

Are now looking out for the N. E. trades, and have symptoms of soon getting them. With luck shall make our port within a month from present date.

Tuesday, June 1st.—Within this month expected to be detached; for the last few days have encountered calms and squalls, line weather, and have not made much progress; got no observation yesterday; last night at half past eleven the master took a lunar, which put us in $3^{\circ} 17'$ north latitude. Whilst writing have struck a fine breeze, which we hope will soon carry us out of the *doldrums*.

Third of June.—Latitude $7^{\circ} 1'$ north; have caught the trades at last; after coquetting for several days, these winds, so constant when caught, have consented to fill our sails, and we are now careering along, knocking off hourly nine knots of the distance which divides us from our homes. It is

pleasant sailing, too, in these trades, and when you once strike them, you feel secure of their continuance up to a certain parallel. All you have to do is to set your sails, studding-sails, royals, moonsails and sky-scrapers, if you carry them; keep them full, and let your vessel go dancing along, day after day, without handling a brace. Seamanship may take a spell below, for your ship will almost *sail herself*!

Saw the northern or polar star last night for the first time, a few degrees above the horizon, peeping at us with its twinkling eye, as much as to say, welcome home! Hailed it as a link connecting us with our native land. How many eyes of persons dear to us, look upon that star, when they think of us. Its appearance suggests the following idea:

If to yon glittering, gleaming star,
Our thoughts might wing their rapid flight,
To meet in that bright orb, afar;
Thoughts that are sent towards us to-night:
How happy thitherward to speed,
Soul meeting soul, above the wave;
From earth, and earth's dark passions freed,
And—oh! what *postage* it would *save*!

Saturday, June 5th, 1852.—Latitude $20^{\circ} 43'$ N., longitude $47^{\circ} 40'$ W. Yesterday knocked off two hundred and forty miles, averaging ten miles per hour; best run yet; only about 2200 miles distant to-day; made two hundred and twenty-four miles the last twenty-four hours.

Sixth of June.—Twelve o'clock just reported, and latitude $15^{\circ} 14'$, and have run two hundred and twenty-two miles since meridian yesterday; making six hundred and

eighty-six miles in three days, an average of two hundred and twenty-eight and two third miles per diem. Have passed the Windward Islands; are getting anxious now, and even if we do make good runs, yet this practice of killing time by half hours (the bell is struck every half hour), is becoming tedious, as we draw near home.

CHAPTER XXX.

Classic Ground—Hispaniola—Romance of the Western Waters—Extracts from Diary—On a Wind—Newsboats wanted—The Bermudas—Target practice.

WE are now upon what might be called with poetical license, "classic ground." Over these seas the small caravels of Columbus sought the land, which had appeared to him in dreams, which we can now hardly look upon as less than inspired. To-day, the eighth of June, we are in the latitude of the south side of Cuba, along the shores of which he coasted, mistaking them for Cipango, beyond which he was to reach the magnificent country of Kathay, as described in the glowing pages of Marco Polo, and Mandeville.

We have passed the parallel of the Isle of St. Domingo, his beloved and heart-breaking Hispaniola. How blackened now its history, and how inapposite its name! Obliquely we run past the Lucayan Isles, looking out almost as anxiously as he did for the "promised land." But how opposite our situations! We, with all the certain aids of science and experience, steer for a well-known country; whilst he, thinking to make the far distant land from which we now return, his own mind his chart, his inspiration his guide, pointed his prow to uncertain ports in unknown seas.

Talk of the Mediterranean, its Islands and its romance, why there is more of the wonderful and romantic connected with the first voyages to the western Archipelago, and the continent of America, than is comprised in the history of the travel-stained Levant.

Would you have the story of the Argonauts, enlarged and improved, follow the track of any of those Portuguese, Spanish, or even English adventurers in search of gold, to these lands, and amongst these keys, and see how the expedition for the "golden fleece" dwindles into insignificance. But what does my poor pen with what our own wizard of the west, Washington Irving, has made immortal? Turn to the pages of his Columbus, but not before you have laid aside these.

Tuesday, June 8th.—Each day decreases our distance, and we were, at meridian, but 1600 miles from our port. The 20th is put down as the time of our arrival now. Have been busy in preparing things for debarkation. A barque came near running into us the night before last. To-day saw two sail, a bark and brig. Sea-weed is floating by; like ourselves, returning to the Gulf from strange seas.

Thursday, June 10th.—Lat. $24^{\circ} 21'$ north. Made 218 miles the last twenty-four hours: about 180 the day previous, which leaves only 1200 miles to run, and going nine knots. Trade still strong.

Friday, June 11th.—Passed an English barque bound to the eastward. She showed her longitude on a black board. Did not hail. Showed our longitude, still keeping on. She was a degree out of her reckoning.

At meridian had made 225 miles, and were in lat. $26^{\circ} 47'$; long. $63^{\circ} 15'$ west. Ten days more ought to bring us in easily.

Sunday, June 13th.—Lost the trades yesterday, in lat. $28^{\circ} 44'$, long. $65^{\circ} 42'$; and from nine and ten knots, have come down to three and four. Made only 176 miles yesterday. To-day nearly calm; made but 80 miles since meridian yesterday. Most beautiful weather; could not be more pleasant, only have no wind. Are now in the “horse latitudes,” but cannot complain; the trade has pushed us along bravely, and served us well. Only 720 miles from our port at meridian.

June 14th.—On coming on deck this morning, found the wind had come out nearly dead ahead, and the ship barely heading her course under a topsail breeze, with her yards braced sharp.

It is a pretty sight, or rather would be a pleasant thing, as the Epicurean Lucretius expresses it, “to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tossed at sea.” At least I imagined so this morning, with our craft “upon a wind,” whilst standing in the weather gangway, and watching her plunge and curvet, held up to her course by the helm, as a steed by a curb, obeying its rider; but I did not think the motion as agreeable as that derived from equestrian exercise. Motion quite disagreeable; and I made strange work at dotting i’s and crossing t’s. Hyphens also will connect words more closely than intended,—confounding too all compound terms. Showed our colors to a brig standing to the southward and eastward. Impossible to speak a vessel just now; but if we could only

have gotten near one yesterday, might have communicated by boat, obtained newspapers, and learned the nominations, and general state of the country. By this time, two poor men, pitted against each other for the Presidency, have doubtless been made out more miserable characters than their most intimate acquaintance ever supposed them to be. And if either were elected, with the charges brought against him fully proved, it would be a disgrace to the Republic!

Twelve o'clock, and latitude just reported $30^{\circ} 24'$ —the parallel of New-Orleans; longitude $68^{\circ} 01'$. Are getting past the Bermudas,—as usual, the “still vexed Bermoothes,” though what continues to keep Bermoothes out of temper I cannot imagine.

Tuesday, June 15th.—Longitude, by chronometer, $70^{\circ} 47'$ west; latitude observed, $32^{\circ} 12'$ north: are barely making a northwest course, with a westerly variation. Have the wind steady at northeast by east. This makes it quite cold, and flannels and thick coats are comfortable.

June 16th.—In turning out this morning at four bells, found it quite calm; and on looking at the log slate, found that the wind had gone down within the past hour. Took advantage of the calm to practice at a target. Fired both batteries,—very good shooting; but the target escaped until the last shot, which knocked off the bull's eye, and dismounted the gun.

Whilst exercising, a clipper ship passed at some distance from us, bound to southward and eastward:

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Gulf Stream—Darby's Theory—Its ingenuity—The Coasts of America—John Cabot, the Venetian—" *Terra Primum Visa*"—Completion of Cruise—Conclusion.

THURSDAY, *June 17th*.—Have at last got amongst the variable winds; for we struck a breeze yesterday immediately after exercising, and went pitching along at the rate of eight knots before dark. Sea quite rough. This morning calm again. Have touched the edge of the Gulf Stream, judging from the temperature of the water, and general appearance of the weather. Darby's theory of this current is so learned and philosophical, that I may be excused giving place to it here. In his theme, The Earth, he touches upon this phenomena, and explains it thus: "The earth turns round upon its axis once in twenty-four hours, and consequently fifteen degrees of its meridians revolve hourly; therefore, by multiplying the breadth of any number of degrees of longitude by fifteen, we have the hourly motion of that part of the earth's surface round the axis; as, for example, in lat. 45° , a degree of long. is $48\frac{3}{4}$ English miles wide, within a trifling fraction. From these elements, it results that particles of matter on lat. 45° on the surface of the earth, revolve about 630 miles hourly: this is nearly the mean motion, as the maximum at the equator is a fraction

less than 1,040 miles hourly, and decreasing along the meridians, until it becomes 0 at either pole."

From this hypothesis he reasons that atmospheric and oceanic masses are moved along with the decumbent nucleus with a velocity decreasing from the equator to the poles; and if the least retardation operates on the atmospheric and oceanic waters, a counter-current will be formed, flowing with the greatest rapidity where the retardation is greatest. This, he says, occurs along the equator, where the horary motion is at its maximum; and thus the tropic current is formed. This current receives volume and velocity from another cause, which is thus explained: "Immediately under the sun, or wherè the beams of that luminary are direct, a vacuum is produced, into which the circumambient air rushes; and as this vacuity is carried westward along the equator, upwards of 1,035 miles hourly, an atmospheric current follows, which, acting on the ocean waters, impels them westward, and adds force and mass to the tropic current. In the Atlantic Ocean, from the peculiar structure of its shores, a very remarkable phenomenon—the Gulf Stream—is produced. South America, in form an immense triangle, is based on the Pacific, and protrudes its perpendicular angle into the Atlantic at south latitude 6° . This salient point is Cape St. Roque, from which the continent extends to the northwest, crosses the equator, and stretches beyond the northern tropic, forming in the Gulf of Mexico an immense reservoir. Here the continent again turns at right angles, and continues northeast into the northern polar circle. The very deep indenting of the American Continent in the Gulf

of Mexico, and the long line of coast from its recesses into the southern section of the torrid zone, is in a peculiar manner calculated to produce that very reflux, which constitutes the largest whirlpool on the globe."

Much more does this ingenious writer advance, but my limits prevent its insertion here, and the subject is not exactly in accordance with the tenor of my task. Suffice it for the present, that upon this day, the 18th of June, we have passed over this equatorial current, and are now heading for our native shores, and are in the waters made classic by the glorious endeavors of the early navigators. Strange is it that of all those who sought this coast, the name of John Cabot, the first adventurer who landed upon it, should be so seldom mentioned: and History, called by a philosopher a Splendid Lie, should prove its title to mendacity, by giving all the glory of the land, "*primum visa*," to his son, Sebastian. To John Cabot, a Venetian, then a merchant of Bristol, England, in the reign of the Seventh Henry, is all the honor to be ascribed of setting the first European foot upon the then desert wilds that now bloom, the Garden of the United States; and if a name must be derived from the discoverer, without reference to its euphony, to descend as a patronymic, by such a rule, we should be called Cabotians, instead of Yankees, United Staters, or by the Vespucian title of Americans.

But to Columbus attaches all the fame of the original idea of navigating the Western Seas, and if he did not set foot upon the shores towards which we are now sailing, his voyage incited others to undertake what perhaps would never

otherwise have been dreamed of, and the tropics would long after have remained painted in their imaginations as a circle of fire in which the Salamander sported. About a year after the Genoese had returned from his first voyage—I quote from an Italian, Tiraboschi—the merchant of Bristol appears to have embraced the idea that new lands might be discovered in the North West, and a passage to India might be brought to light by this course. And, in answer to his application, on the 5th of March, 1495, King Henry the Seventh granted a commission to John Cabot and his three sons, Louis, Sebastian, and Sanchez. And on the 24th of June, 1497, he discovered that part of this Continent, which he called “*Terra primum Visa*,” nearly a year previous to the discovery of the country south of the Isthmus of Darien. But, *satis superque*, we have had almost enough of ships and the sea. Our prow is directed towards our own loved shores; the southern gales waft us propitiously on them; with each swell of the ocean, our bosoms heave in unison, our hearts leap forwards with our gallant barque, over every obstructing wave:

“Bend, bend, ye lithe and quivering spars,
Point home my country’s stripes and stars.”

It is evening, and yon setting sun, whose course we have tracked from the lonely anchorage in the Typa, down the China Seas, across the Indian Ocean, and over the wide expanse of the Atlantic, sinks slowly to night behind the mountains of our own broad and beautiful land. They gild the spire of an ancient village church, beneath which, in the days that

are no more, our youthful ears drank in the kindly teachings of the gray-headed and venerable man, now forming one of the congregation that sleeps beneath the green sod surrounding it. They gild, with a golden tint, the attic windows of an old homestead, behind the small panes of which, there came to us once, more golden, but equally unsubstantial, visions, when our hearts, untravelled, sank to slumbers light and sweet. Ere its next setting, have hopes that the telegraph wires will convey thither the glad news of our safe return.

We have taken a pilot on board; the chain cables are ranged forward on either gangway, bent to the anchors, ready for letting go; the changing color of the water denotes soundings, and every thing indicates we shall soon be in.

Patient reader, my Cruise is completed. Its preparation has beguiled me of many a monotonous hour at sea. If either at sea or on shore it be, in this manner beneficial to you, I shall be satisfied. We must part. I bid you *adieu*, with a feeling towards you as if you had been my *compagnon du voyage*; and fervently wish that your Cruise of Life may be over placid seas, to pleasant ports, and always in company with kind and generous friends.

THE END.

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